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... THE ...
EYE=WITNESS

Edited by **HILAIRE BELLOC.**

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

As we go to press there seems some hope that the trouble at the Docks may shortly be settled, in spite of the proud boast of Mr. Ben Tillett that "the strike is going on." Many of the men are complaining that they were called out on a mere pretext without being consulted, and there is little doubt that if proper protection is afforded them they will return to work, whether their "leaders" wish it or not. This protection Mr. McKenna seems determined to give, if we rightly interpret the announcement from the Home Office. The Government, he says, "will insist upon the maintenance of order, and will, if necessary, use all the resources at their disposal to ensure the continued supply of food for the people of London." The paradoxical part of the whole thing is—although by now we are becoming used to a Gilbertian state of affairs—that such a declaration should be required. Twice within twelve months, at the bidding of well-paid men whose chief qualification is a parrot-like gift of inflammatory speech, thousands of tons of food and supplies have been held up, often until they were worthless for consumption; with this, the populations of whole districts are rendered miserable by an access of poverty. Six months ago we wrote in these columns: "The unhealthy blight of discontent over nearly all the labour world will not be removed until the various Trade Unions realise that the hectoring, dictatorial methods which they have seen fit to adopt are ruinous to the welfare of the very men for whose protection they

were ostensibly formed." Events tend to suggest that both the men themselves and the Government will soon force the less scrupulous leaders to realise the futility of their methods in no uncertain fashion.

Some months ago an enthusiastic investigator discovered that birds are carriers of disease: it is now the turn of the fly. The friendly little fly that shares our meals so quietly is "the most dangerous animal in existence," says the usual "eminent medical man." A New York fly was caught with 100,000 bacteria in its mouth, on its legs, and slung over its shoulder, so to speak; another one who was just making off with a small matter of 250 was waved back and forced to put down his burden on the charge-sheet of the microscopist. Between the scientists who tell us that the fly is a busy and necessary scavenger and the doctors who aver that he lives only to drop bundles of bacteria wherever he goes, we hardly know what to do, individual inspection being out of the question. Perhaps, since scare articles must be written and "The Return of the Deadly Fly" makes an effective headline for Newton Street as at present directed, we may still sleep soundly in spite of all.

A correspondent of one of our daily papers which devotes considerable space to the fair sex has been writing some very unkind things about the "modern girl," and incidentally proving the worthlessness of a sweeping generalisation. "Because the manners of the modern girl are deplorably bad," says this cynical lady, "it does not follow that the change for the worse goes below the surface, though her selfishness and scorn for age, weakness and suffering are bad signs. Patience was once a virtue, so was respect; both have died out of the present generation." The writer's experiences must have been peculiarly unfortunate; we venture to state that the manners of the modern girl are by no means "deplorably bad," and that age, weakness and suffering rarely fail to win her consideration and respect. In a contradictory fashion the writer of the article concludes: "It is useless to attach too much importance to externals and detail; let us be thankful that the modern girl has so many fine qualities"—thus severely discounting her own previous defamation. Most readers, however, have commonsense enough to take such loose statements at their correct value.

We have received this week the special Empire Edition of the *Financier*, a bulky issue of forty-eight pages that reminds us, in point of size, of the huge Sunday papers devoured by our friends in New York. Its articles cover an immense scope—all parts of the British dominions, in fact, seem to be treated—and excellent additional sheets, with maps and illustrations, are devoted to Rhodesia, Canada, South Africa's power problem, and other subjects of particular interest to investors. Those in editorial charge of this fine special issue are to be congratulated upon their success and the wonderful value given for the price, which remains the usual penny.

Evolution

WRECKED empires strewn about the strand of Time
Make all our History; turbulent and vast
The Ocean, tortured by the scourging blast,
Now flings ashore a creed, now a dead crime.
The poet wraps mute symbols in his rhyme
And scans the effect of ruthless law, aghast
At animate things by civil war o'ercast.
Is soulless Nature master, then, or mime?

Struggle hath tuned the harp of lower life—
The law of progress bears the seal of strife—
The wrestler wins his wage in nimbler wit,
Ripe Wisdom chants a world-without-end hymn,
Spring's woodland choirs of welcome echo it,
Man hears the chords of prelude vague and dim.

A. E. CAREY.

The Book and the Pocket

TO mankind, life without pockets is inconceivable. Merchant, idler, clerk, errand-boy—not an hour of waking existence can pass but each of them will have delved into one or another of his pockets; the merchant for his cheque-book or the letter he forgot to post, the idler for his knife, the clerk for his last love-missive, the errand-boy for a story wherewith to drive dull care away, or to anæsthetise the memory of his recent instructions. In fact, to turn out a man's pockets would be to have the key to his character at a glance, and that without peering unlawfully into his portable correspondence. His fountain-pen—loose and leaky, or snug in its clip; his pencil—safely capped and well sharpened, or unprotected with broken point; his papers—in a neat leathern wallet, or crumpled and frayed and soiled; his watch, keys, match-box, money—hardly an article but may bear some witness as to its owner's ways.

The importance of pockets has been recognised in quite unexpected quarters, especially of late years. Publishers have brought about at one magical stroke a relationship which at first sight is not particularly obvious between pockets and literature; the two are henceforth wedded by the issue of innumerable "pocket editions" of the works of authors ancient and modern. They are acute fellows, these publishers; they know that man's anxiety as to the set of his coat lessens considerably after its newness has softened into ease, and its pressures have been rubbed into comfortable conformity with his outline. They know that he will often be tempted to purchase a book if he can slip it into his pocket between whiles, and avoid the embarrassment of managing it at awkward moments in conjunction with hat, umbrella, gloves, and a possible parcel. So in recent times they have sold many thousands of copies where before they disposed only of hundreds or even

scores, and have laid up great treasure for themselves by realising that man is a pocket-loving animal.

It is a question, however, often forced upon us, whether this easily obtained literature is altogether a benefit. It was our fortune, during the past week, to take a journey in what was surely the most literary railway-carriage in England. Four men and a boy, as soon as the train started, produced from their pockets volumes which made us shudder at our own improvidence. One concealed his visage behind a Latin-English Pocket Dictionary; a second read "The Tale of the Great Mutiny"; a third became lost to the world in some Greek plays; the fourth had a book of poems. Half-hopefully, half-guiltily, we turned to the boy. Would he relieve the strained atmosphere with a detective story or a comic paper? Alas! he gazed gravely at us—reproachfully, we were compelled to imagine—and pulled from his breast-pocket the "English Literature—Modern," of the "Home University" series. So we sat and suffered ignominiously, having only the solace of the daily paper and the scenery, overwhelmed by sheer weight of intellect.

The suffering, perhaps, was not as severe as we have hinted for the sake of argument. Mile after glorious mile the train flew onward through the pastoral midlands, past rivers gleaming like ribbons of silver in the brilliant sun, past meadows crowded with buttercups flaunting their golden bloom, past little grey and red villages nestling beneath green hills, through scents of early clover and breaths of fragrance strangely sweet to the dweller in the town. Here and there children waved hands at us from the insecure perch of a gate; here and there men and women stood at cottage doorways to see us booming by; here and there we were blinded by the gloom of a tunnel, to be blinded again by the rush of light as we emerged. Still the indefatigable five read on, seeing nothing, unconscious of the rich country and its fragrances, knowing only that between dawn and dark thousands of pages of close print awaited their eager scanning. The train slowed and stopped; the pocket editions were once more carefully replaced; the five literary persons alighted, and the town swallowed them up.

Worthy five, admirable five! They had absorbed information assiduously, and were doubtless all the better for it; but we—we had merely watched the beauty of the world, heard, beyond the roaring of the train, the voices of earth and her people rising in gladness, answering the call of summer; we had discovered again the fact that a field full of wild flowers is a very wonderful sight and means something that cannot be put into words; we had tasted afresh the joy of living.

There are times—we admit it freely—when the pocket edition is a blessing. But no less emphatically we say that there are also times when the best place for a pocket edition is the pocket; and this was one of them. We cannot do without books; but the writing of the sunshine on the green page of summer is just now the finest book of all.

W. L. R.

Some Aspects of Latin Humour

By PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

HEINE remarked that it was fortunate enough for the Romans that they were not obliged to learn the Latin Grammar, for they would not have had the leisure to conquer the world. It is also perhaps fortunate for them that they had not to adapt their stately language to express the various objects and feelings for which modern civilisation has found it necessary to invent or to adopt new names. One of the most agreeable tasks of the modern philologist is to scrutinise the stock of words in the national linguistic treasury of any nation, and by their aid to draw conclusions as to the character of the nation employing these words, which are the symbols of its ideas and impressions. The German proverb runs, "Liebe Sachen haben viele Namen," and it is worth the while of Latin students to examine the language which they are endeavouring to master, and to endeavour to guess something of the character of the old masters of the civilised world from their national vocabulary. Such a method of studying comparative philology is certainly more interesting, and is not less fruitful than the study of Phonetics, in which philologists seem at present chiefly engaged.

The speakers of the Latin language declare themselves by their vocabulary to have been before all things an agricultural people, who, when not employed in agriculture, were engaged in war, and in building up a system of law. Some of the metaphors used in their ordinary life are interesting as throwing light on their early culture.

Delirare, "to plough crooked," then "to be mad"; *tribulare*, "to thrash corn," then "to afflict"; *emolumentum*, "the proceeds of corn ground" (*molere*), hence, "any gain"; *saeculum*, properly "the season for sowing," like *saison* in French; then a century.

So, again, consider the Roman cognomina, how many of these are racy of the soil, such as Cicero, the chick-pea-man; Lentulus, Mr. Haricot; Piso, Mr. Pease; Caepio, Mr. Onions, and many others. The common metaphors derived from operations of war are suggestive of the favourite pursuit of a people whose mission it was "debelleare superbos." Such are *intervallum*, the space between two *valli* or stakes used in the defence of a camp, then an "interval"; *princeps*, "the first snatcher," i.e., he who first seizes the spoils of victory, then generally "the foremost," "the prince"; how singular seems the application of this word in "the prince of Peace"! *Excellere*, properly, "to pass over a mark," of a missile sped from a ballista; then, as we say, "to surpass." The Latin language was singularly poor, however, in words referring to mental operations, whether these applied to social or to intellectual life. The Roman had to borrow his philosophical terms wholesale from the Greek, and to read new meanings into the Latin words which convention sanctioned as their equivalent. The vocabulary of his social life was extremely restricted, and may lead us to suppose that he could only "joke wi' deeficulty." He had scant time for

gossip, coquetry, persiflage; hence he has no words to represent these amiable diversions. The Frenchman, who speaks the daughter-language of the Latin, is before all things the product of social life, and hence his vocabulary teems with words which could not be turned into Classical Latin. Think of the numerous French words for wit: *pointe*, *saillie*, *trait d'esprit*, *bon mot*, *calembour*, *mot à double entente*, etc.; while for talking, boasting, gossiping and prattling we have *causer*, *jaser*, *babiller*, *jaboter*, *bavarder*, *caqueter*, *dégoiser*, *jaspiner*, *hâbler*. The Roman would, again, have had some difficulty in translating certain German and English words into what Mommsen calls his "lapidary" language, such as *Gemüth*, *Sehnsucht*, *Wonne*, *Wehmuth*; and certain English words such as *dreary*, *woe-begone*, *self-conscious*, *forlorn*; and above all things the characteristically English word *humour*, a word proceeding indeed from the Latin, but invested with an intellectual significance as widely differing from the meaning of the word which is its origin as that between *ratio* "a calculation," and *ratio* "a reason" or "reason." The Romans proudly claimed "Satira tota nostra est." The speakers of English may equally proudly assert that they have given the word "humour" to the chief languages in Europe, and it is not proposed to attempt to define that precious possession. It will be, however, admitted that one of the elements entering into the definition of humour as we understand the term is a certain detachment and a certain tranquillity on the part of the observer; a scene of humour, moreover, as we understand it, is commonly a scene of good humour.

Roman humour, if we may so call it, showed itself most characteristically in satire; it was very generally personal, pointed, and strongly flavoured with "Italum acetum." It was sometimes laid on with a light hand, as in the case of Horace; sometimes with the heaviest possible, as in the case of Juvenal, who has served as the model for virulent and mordant satire for all generations. It is a pity that we possess of Varro's "Saturæ" little but the titles; but some of these are delightfully quaint and suggestive. He was a great foe to Greek philosophy, and to any kind of luxury. One of his satires is entitled "Nescis quid vesper serus vehat" of a possibly wearisome dinner party: "Longe fugit qui suos fugit" of importunate relatives. Macrobius, who lived in the last half of the fourth century, an author little read at the present day, but very popular during the Middle Ages, quotes Plautus and Cicero as the most jocular of all the Roman writers. He proceeds to give an account of a symposium at which the different speakers were expected to enliven the evening by the recital of witticisms which they had heard, some of which may be worth recounting.

Publius Mucius saw an ill-natured man in the sulks, on which he remarked, "Either Mucius must have met with some misfortune, or someone else must have met with a piece of good luck." Cicero, when dining with Damasippus, found the wine very poor. His host said, "Pray, try the Falerian, it is forty years old." Cicero

remarked, "It will be the better for keeping." Again, on seeing Lentulus, his son-in-law, a short man armed with a long sword, he cried, "Dear me! whoever tied up my son-in-law to that sword?" Augustus was asked by a suitor for some relief, the suitor stating that it was commonly believed that he had already been the recipient of bounties from his Imperial patron. The Emperor replied, "But I pray you never to believe it!" Augustus, on another occasion, removed one of his officials from his office. The rejected one craved a pension: not, he explained, from any desire for gain, but simply that it might appear that he had deserved some reward for his services and might be believed to have voluntarily surrendered his post. The Emperor replied, "Pray tell all your friends that you have your pension, and I will never contradict you!" On the occasion of a campaign he dismissed an officer for misconduct, and on the young man's saying to him: "Whatever shall I say to my father?" the Emperor replied, "Tell him you couldn't get on with me." One, Vettius, ploughed over the land where his father was buried: Augustus remarked, "This is truly cultivating the memory of one's ancestors" (*colere* signifying "to cultivate" and "to worship"). The Emperor was attended in his walks abroad by a slave called a nomenclator, whose duty it was to tell his master the name of any person of consequence who might pass him in the streets, so that he might return the greeting offered him. This slave had a bad memory, and on starting from the palace said to the Emperor, "Have you any commission for the forum?" "I'll give you a letter of introduction," said the Emperor, "since you don't seem to know anyone there."

A certain Roman knight got heavily into debt, and all his goods were put up to auction. The Emperor sent a commissioner to the sale with orders to purchase the debtor's pillow. He explained to his friends that the pillow which could bring sleep to one so heavily in debt must be of priceless value. The narrator observes that Augustus was wonderfully tolerant of what might seem witty impertinencies against his person, and gives as an illustration the following:—

A provincial magnate prided himself on his resemblance to the Emperor, and was stared at as he passed through the streets of Rome. Augustus ordered him to be brought into his presence, and observing the likeness between himself and his double, asked him if his mother had ever been at Rome. He denied this: and added reflectively, "but my father has, often!" This story was afterwards told of one of the courtiers of Louis XIV, and was one of Lord Tennyson's favourite anecdotes, as appears in his life written by his son. Some of the anecdotes told by Macrobius throw light on the good humour and accessibility of the Emperor, and are worthy to be taken account of by historians. For instance, an old soldier came up to the Emperor in a public place and requested that his Majesty would come and support him in Court, as an action against him was coming on. The Emperor graciously replied that he was engaged, but would send him an advocate. The veteran

replied: "Well, at the battle of Actium, when you were in peril, I never asked for a substitute; I fought for you myself!" He then showed his scars, and the Emperor, touched by the sight, actually went into Court to support the soldier's claims.

Here is another anecdote, which has quite a modern ring. Augustus was returning to Rome in the fully glory of his victory at Actium, which laid the Roman world at his feet. One of the crowd which had assembled to greet him stepped forward and produced a tame raven, which he had taught to say, "Hail, Cæsar, Conqueror, Emperor!" Cæsar was taken with the civility of the bird and paid more than a hundred pounds down to become its possessor. The vendor of the bird had a partner in his trade, but he had received no share of the price paid for the bird. So in high dudgeon he too repaired to the Emperor and brought him another raven, which he had taught to say, "Hail, Conqueror, Emperor, Antony!" The Emperor took his words quite quietly, and ordered that the present should be divided among the two wary gentlemen.

Julia, the notorious daughter of Augustus, is described as exceptionally learned and exceptionally witty. Her prodigality was unbounded. So when an old friend rebuked her for failing to take example by her father's simple life, she replied, "He forgets that he is Cæsar, but I never forget that I am Cæsar's daughter!"

A good story is told of the Emperor Hadrian, who, on entering a bath, found himself at a loss for a strigil to scrape off the oil from his body. One of the bathers obligingly lent him a tile wherewith to scrape himself, and received a reward. On entering the same bath on another occasion he was met by several bathers offering to lend him tiles. The Emperor remarked, "Scrape yourselves as much as you like, but you shall not scrape acquaintance with me!" This is the origin of our expression.

It is of interest to notice that Petronius furnishes us with two phrases which are often used at the present day. One is, "We are progressing backward, like a cow's tail," and the other, "He has joined the great majority," for he is dead.

It must never be forgotten, however, that the greatest fund of Roman humour is to be found in a writer who lived some six centuries before Macrobius, viz., Plautus, whose classic characters live again in Molière, in Shakespeare, and in almost every drama of the Italian Renaissance.

Richard Middleton

IT is a sad task, that of reviewing the work of a friend who is no longer with us, one whose smile and kindly jest used to be a welcome feature of occasional days; but it is a task that has its pleasant side, since there are no hard things to be said, no swords of criticism to be drawn. Richard Middleton's name is a familiar one to readers of THE ACADEMY, and it is right that in these columns a tribute should be paid to the graceful work which, week by week, found its

place among more solid, but perhaps less enduring, material.

My first acquaintance with Richard Middleton was through his articles. Often we contributed to the same papers; sometimes—especially in THE ACADEMY of a few years ago—our essays appeared side by side, and from the first I had a strong desire to know him. When at last we met, we found that the desire was mutual, and, as is the custom of Englishmen in sympathy, we took each other out to lunch and quarrelled on the question of who should pay the bill. Since then, too infrequent meetings have left pleasant memories of his gentle manner, his irresponsible, genial witticisms, his unvarying wish to please, his unaffected delight when his work was praised; in this latter respect he had the simple heart of a child.

The two volumes, one of verse edited by Mr. Henry Savage, the other of prose with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Machen, will be prized by all discriminating readers.* There are, we would remark, many better things in "The Ghost Ship" than the opening fantasy, which gives the book its title; in "The Story of a Book," "The Soul of a Policeman," "A Drama of Youth," and "The New Boy," the touch of the writer is more sure and his scope for self-expression is wider. The man himself, as those who knew him will recognise, shows clearly through such passages as the following from the last-mentioned sketch:—

There was something very unpleasant to me in the fact that we all washed with the same kind of soap, drank out of the same kind of cup, and in general did the same things at the same time. The school time-table robbed life of all those accidental variations that make it interesting. Our meals, our games, even our hours of freedom seemed only like subtle lessons. We had to eat at a certain hour, whether we were hungry or not; we had to play at a certain hour, when perhaps we wanted to sit still and be quiet. The whole school discipline tended to the formation of habits at the expense of our reasoning faculties. . . . It was only by hiding myself away in corners that I could enjoy any liberty of spirit, and though my thoughts were often cheerless when I remembered the relative freedom of home life, I preferred to linger with them rather than to weary myself in breaking the little laws of a society for which I was in no way fitted.

A distinct strain of sadness, that in other men with a heavier hand would probably have become distasteful and even morbid, runs through much of this prose work of Middleton; here, however, it only adds a certain delicate wistfulness to each theme. It is remarkable how many of the studies deal with or end with the subject of death; it is also remarkable that this is done in so gentle a manner that the reader cannot be offended, nor even displeased.

To read these essays and stories is to feel that a poet's brain was at work, and that Richard Middleton

possessed the true equipment of the poet the second volume amply proves. Mr. Savage justly says, in his intimate introduction, that "Kenneth Grahame is the author with whom he was most in sympathy," and that "he shares with Mr. Grahame and Stevenson the rare gift of evoking the thoughts and feelings of childhood." Hardly, perhaps, will the critical reader feel that "the rare quality of these poems will sooner or later ensure him a recognised position in the front rank of English poets," but the rare quality is undoubtedly here, and the first thing that must impress even the most critically inclined is the really exceptional way in which the high level of poetry is preserved throughout the book. In nearly all work of this description there are grievous lapses, lyrics that should never have been written, lines that grate on the ear, sonnets that fall hopelessly from grace; here, on the contrary, we find not three lines in the whole collection with which any legitimate complaint can be made. Quotation at any great length is impossible in these columns, but we may give the first two stanzas of a dainty little poem entitled "In Forma Pauperis," as an illustration of one aspect of the style Middleton made peculiarly his own:—

I have no silks or satins fine
With brodered flowers for her to wear,
I have no diamonds to shine
Among the shadows of her hair;
But when we meet, in every tress
I see a jewelled tear-drop gleam,
And she is robed like a princess
All in the fabric of my dream.

I have no sunny garden-close
Where we may hear the summer call,
Never a lily, never a rose,
To grace the sweetest flower of all;
But gladder seasons, rarer flowers,
Blow in the starlight cool and deep,
And we can pluck the fragrant hours
Within our pleasant land of sleep.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful things in the book is the sequence of thirteen-line "sonnets"—I know not what else to call them—addressed "To an Idle Poet." With the third of these we must have done with quotation. It gives excellently the stronger side of the poet:—

For though man only lives his sombre days
To sicken at his task of life and die,
Dreading the silent and unfriendly sky
That has not heard his message, still he plays
His part in God's great pageant, and obeys
His soul's command, albeit grudgingly;
And where his hesitant feet have wandered by,
His footprints scar the world, and by his ways
A hundred ages tread; his heedless phrase
Rings in their ears like an angelic cry
Heard before birth and treasured timelessly,
And all his timid hopes and quick dismays
Thrill in their hearts and build their heaven on high.

He who could write thus finely was no mere rhymester to be classed with the throng whose volumes crowd the bookshops, and what he might have done, had he lived, none of us may say. But that he did accomplish exquisite work, worthy of preservation, is certain, and it has been a pleasure, tinged with inevitable pain, to read again the words that came from the pen of a friend.

W. L. R.

* *The Ghost Ship, and Other Stories.* By RICHARD MIDDLETON. With an Introduction by ARTHUR MACHEN. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Poems and Songs. By RICHARD MIDDLETON. With an Introduction by HENRY SAVAGE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

REVIEWS

English Bards and Continental Reviewers

Robert Herrick. *Contribution à l'Etude de la Poésie Lyrique en Angleterre au Dix-Septième Siècle.* By FLORIS DELATTRE, Docteur ès Lettres. Illustrated. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 12 francs.)

James Shirley: *Sein Leben und Seine Werke. Nebst einer Übersetzung seines Dramas. "The Royal Master."* By J. SCHIPPER. Portrait Frontispiece. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 14 Marks.)

Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). By FRANZ BECKER. Portrait Frontispiece. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 4 Marks 50 Pfen.)

THE Parliament of Letters, like other Parliaments, is suffering from acute congestion. In the department of criticism especially it has long since been impossible to keep peace with the flood of enactments, mostly of the retrospective kind, that compete for the general attention. As literary politicians of an unofficial type, we are inclined to favour two small reforms in the rules of procedure. The first would be analogous to a statute of limitations; writers would be classified according to the date of their death, and also according to the number of times they have been discovered, and any author failing to satisfy the conditions appended would be regarded as finally dead; any attempt at resuscitation would render the offender liable to the severest penalties. The inventor of the tontine was a man of mark in his day, but "Tonti," we read, "is dead, and I never saw anyone who pretended to regret him." We read daily (chiefly in the advertisement columns of the newspaper) of attempted revivals of reputations once great, now forgotten, but we must guard our faith in Time, the rude but not indiscriminating scavenger, whose useful toils render habitable both the world of matter and the world of mind.

Our second reform would take the form of a small measure of Home Rule for England. A gifted statesman has recently formulated the grievance, just, as far as it goes, that "the Irish have too much power in this country." We think, and we will put our proposition in its baldest form, that foreign critics are assuming too much authority over English literature. This position we shall immediately proceed to modify as regards at least one of the books we are discussing, but as a general truth we hold it to be unassailable. The conception of a world-literature has much to commend it, when it refers exclusively, or at any rate principally, to ideas; but in the region where sense and sound hold equal sway, in the realms, that is to say, of pure literature, there can be no effective federation. The two greatest enemies of sound literary criticism are German scientific methods and the theories of Taine; the latter, we are pleased to notice, receive a passing tribute of respectful banter from the latest biographer of Herrick.

M. Delattre is already known to English readers as the author of a work in their own language on Fairies.

His new subject suggests no very violent transition: Herrick is the laureate of Fairyland, not, perhaps, the Fairyland of Spenser or of Shelley, but that of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the land of lawless fancy and untrammelled gaiety. He has two topics, love and the country, of which the latter seems to have been more or less forced on him. He brought no great enthusiasm into his first essays to

richly paint the vernal year.

He was a Londoner of the Court, and his first settlement at Dean Prior rather suggests a mission *in partibus*. But he stayed to immortalise certain aspects of the English countryside; not in a "réginal" sense, says M. Delattre—Devonshire never conquered his sympathies—but rather as a devout worshipper before the yearly miracle of spring. In connection with his cockney prejudices, M. Delattre has some very sensible remarks to make. The London of Herrick was not far removed from the country,

Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and the poet could get almost all that he meant by country life—the flowers, the artless damsels, and the rustic festivals—without leaving for a single night the vicinity of the "Chamber of Apollo." And when he came to paint the real, far-off country, he did not give himself up to an objective impression: his account was "réaliste, imaginative, et livresque"; "il n'a fait qu'appliquer sa virtuosité à son entourage."

Space forbids us to do more than hint at the contents of this admirable book. We do not think it needs the apologies that Taine's work on English Literature so sadly lacks. *En passant*, let us not be unjust out of season to the author of one of the masterpieces of literary criticism—the life of La Fontaine. M. Delattre owes much to Taine, though he has discarded some of his formulæ, and his apposite comparison of Herrick to La Fontaine shows points of contact with as well as points of difference from the older critic. M. Delattre has examined his author and his period most thoroughly from every point of view. The chapters on Herrick's conception of love and on his epigrams are really valuable; they could only have been properly done by a judicious Frenchman, and here, at least, we will admit an exception to our dislike for international criticism. The psychology of the poet could not be more satisfactorily handled; his self-revelation is allowed full play. Puck, Falstaff, Bottom the Weaver emerge alternately as the prototypes of the cavalier minstrel. His was a character in which self predominated, with sincerity for a saving virtue. Great causes interested him little; he was a moderate Royalist and a dilettante Churchman. M. Delattre is surprisingly good on the difficult question of Herrick's religion; he understands his Anglicanism, and, basing himself on an article of Mr. Arthur Machen's in THE ACADEMY, he defines his Paganism. The chapters on style and versification are by no means negligible, and the author's own method of presenting his subject is nothing less than fascinating.

Shirley is almost an exact contemporary of Herrick; a more ambitious writer and in some ways a better man,

he is a far less interesting personality than the cavalier parson. He also began his career as a minister of the Anglican Church; but, after becoming a Roman Catholic, he obeyed his vocation of dramatist, and finished his life as a simple layman. His loyalty was of a far higher order than Herrick's, and his losses in the Royal cause as a professional playwright in Puritan times were far more considerable. We find him plying the ferule of the pedagogue and composing a rhymed syntax in order to restore his shattered fortunes. He is much nearer Milton than Herrick.

Shirley is among the writers who have suffered a rapid and almost irretrievable eclipse. He is not a star of the first magnitude; he is at best the last of the Elizabethans. He is remembered chiefly for the ode whose last lines are quoted by Dr. Schipper at the end of the present study:—

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Dryden, most brutal of critics, was the chief engineer of his effacement. Whether he should be restored integrally to the foremost rank of English dramatists is a difficult question; whether it can be done by a foreign critic is another. We are a little frightened at finding that the present 350 pages are by no means to be considered as final, that *jüngere Kräfte* are to continue the work of rehabilitation. In any case, Dr. Schipper has achieved a solid piece of work. Many of the details and elucidations are interesting; for instance, we are reminded that in "Hyde Park," presented in 1668, horses first appeared on the boards. The satirical dedication to Prynne of "The Bird in a Cage" is defended, and we get side-lights on Strafford as a Mæcenas. The thirty-odd plays are minutely analysed, and a German translation of "The Royal Master" is given.

Barry Cornwall is little heard of nowadays, but in his day he was a power, and he fought on the right side in many extinct quarrels. Dr. Becker gives us a modest and concise account of the author, showing him as a tuneful songster, a great literary host, and an ardent champion of the poor. Of this just man, as of the Caroline dramatist, the actions

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,
and may lend fragrance to his faded garland of poetry.

A Leash of Angling Books

Marvels of Fish Life as Revealed by the Camera. By FRANCIS WARD, M.D., F.Z.S., F.R.P.S. Profusely illustrated with photographs from Nature. (Cassell and Company. 6s. net.)

Dry-Fly Fishing in Border Waters. By F. FERNIE. With an Introduction by J. CUTHBERT HADDEN. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Art of Worm-Fishing: A Practical Treatise on Clear-Water Worming. By ALEXANDER MACKIE, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

If photographs of fish are to be of any permanent or scientific value the fish must be watched and photographed while swimming free in their natural environment, and they must be illuminated entirely from

above, as in nature. Dr. Ward, realising this, constructed a special pond for the fish, with an observation chamber at one side beneath the water; in which, separated only by a sheet of plate glass from the fish, the observer might watch their movements and photograph them whilst he himself remained invisible. Not only are the photographs thus obtained, which are reproduced so admirably in "Marvels of Fish Life," extremely interesting in themselves: they have been specially selected with a view to illustrating the different ways in which fish exhibit their intentions and emotions, and the various devices which they possess for concealing themselves from their natural enemies.

Most fish show alarm by erecting their fins; some, like the perch coloured on the frontispiece, actually become pale with fear, owing to the contraction of the colour-cells in the skin. Fish become lighter or darker in colour by the contraction or relaxation of these cells, contraction being caused by light, relaxation by darkness, the light acting through the medium of the fish's eye, and not acting in cases where the eyesight of the fish is impaired. "Obliterative Coloration" is the phrase invented by the American naturalist Thayer to describe the way in which fish make themselves inconspicuous by reproducing the lights and shades and colours of their natural environment. Dr. Ward explains with illustrations, how this is due partly to reflection and partly to the action of colour-cells. The dace is taken as an example of a perfect mirror, for in the deep layers of the skin are numerous spicules like mother-of-pearl, which form a continuous reflecting surface for all that is below and around the fish; but the back of the dace is dark, and the colour-cells here regulate the amount of light reflected by it, so that the general effect is to give the dace a uniform shade when in water, and it is only conspicuous when seen from below, silhouetted against the light.

Trout are remarkable for their variations of colour; environment has something to do with this, but food is an equally important factor, and Dr. Ward shows that colour changes and silvery iridescence may result from food alone. The camera enables us to gauge the extraordinary rapidity with which a trout rises to take a fly on the surface of the water: so rapid is the movement that with an exposure of 1-250th of a second it is impossible to get more than a blurred image of the fish! In thus bringing photography to bear upon fish-life Dr. Ward has opened up a new field and made a valuable contribution to the study of protective coloration.

"Dry-Fly Fishing in Border Waters" is a useful little book for those who want a cheap treatise on the subject of dry-fly fishing. Mr. Fernie has drawn freely from Halford's books, as well as from the older work by Ronalds, "Fly-Fisher's Entomology"; and, as his experience of the Border waters covers ten years of dry-fly fishing in many different streams, he writes of what he knows.

Many who have hitherto associated the dry-fly only with such south-country rivers as the Itchen and Test will be surprised to find what opportunities the Border

rivers offer for the exercise of this art. "In Tweed, Teviot, Clyde, Gala, Ettrick, Yarrow, and Leader, in bright sunshine and gin-clear water, the dry-fly is far more deadly than the sunk-fly in June and July."

The Border Country is the home of legend and romance, and there is no end to the reminiscences and associations which are connected with the names of its rivers. Amongst more practical advantages of the district are the amount of water that is free or to be fished for a nominal payment; the comfortable quarters that can be secured at reasonable price; the freedom from overcrowding, which is so annoying on free waters farther south; and the native kindness of the inhabitants. The sheep-dogs seem to be the one drawback; these must be met with abusive voice and threatening landing-net: "Use the worst language you can think of, and they will slink away utterly ashamed of themselves."

Worm-fishing in clear streams is a favourite method of angling in the North of England. It requires considerable skill, and the adept may secure a good basket of trout on days when no other method, except, perhaps, a dry-fly, would meet with any success. Mr. Mackie's little book is the first that has been entirely devoted to this particular branch of angling, though Stewart has a chapter on it in his "Practical Angler," which covers most of the ground. Mr. Mackie differs from Stewart in his choice of a rod, recommending a two-handed sixteen-foot greenheart which is fairly stiff. For the encouragement of anglers they are assured that the golden days of angling are not yet passed away, and "the angler who knows his business may on any day he pleases, and without any great physical labour, in a five or six hours' outing carry home his fifty odd trout, weighing twelve, thirteen or fourteen pounds." There are many anglers to-day to whom fishing with a worm is equivalent to poaching: perhaps they do not realise how difficult it is to fish a worm with success in low and clear water. Practice alone will teach the angler how to keep out of sight of the trout; all that can be taught on the subject in print he will find in this clear and concise little manual.

The Full Recognition of Japan

The Full Recognition of Japan. Being a Detailed Account of the Economic Progress of the Japanese Empire to 1911. By ROBERT P. PORTER. With Seven Coloured Maps. (Henry Frowde. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERT PORTER is well known as a writer on economic subjects, and in the volume before us he has put that knowledge to the very best use. In 1896 he published "Commerce and Industry of Japan," but in a country where the East is very far from being "changeless," the progress of the Japanese Empire has been so rapid as to make this book out of date as far as statistics are concerned. "The Full Recognition of Japan" is the best single volume we have read on the

subject, and may be fittingly compared with Count Okuma's great work "Fifty Years of New Japan."

It is impossible, within the limits of a short review, even to indicate briefly all the subjects so fully and so interestingly dealt with in this very valuable volume. We are given a concise sketch of early Japanese history down to the Tokugawa Shogunate, in order that we may fully appreciate the transition, work of reconstruction, and recognition of Japan that follow. Mr. Porter writes of Japan's progress from an optimistic point of view, and many will not be able to take quite such a sanguine outlook. Japan has had to pay, and is still paying, for that rapid rise from obscurity to a notable position among the world Powers. Japan's victories have been costly in the extreme, and there are a few who realise that a sorry tale lies behind the various ramifications of her so-called progress. The Japanese people are burdened with very heavy taxation, and even Mr. Porter admits that "those who have to bear the burden occasionally groan under its weight." Japan's sun has certainly risen but it is shining a little too fiercely at present, and most especially upon those who are employed in the cultivation of the soil. If agriculture is to remain "the foundation of the prosperity of Japan," it is obviously unwise to crush down the worker with an unreasonable amount of taxation. Many must do more than "occasionally groan," for many would welcome a little of that spirit of an old Mikado who succeeded in making taxation a humane art. It is most essential that Japan should maintain her peace policy, for another costly war would plunge the country into irreparable ruin. Japan has become a world Power within fifty years. She has been an apt pupil, and quick to learn her lessons; but there is such a thing as too rapid progress, and there are icebergs among nations that may, as in the case of the *Titanic*, prove fatal when speed is the first consideration.

Mr. Porter does not deal exclusively with economic questions, for most suggestive chapters are devoted to art, drama, music, and journalism. Within twenty-six pages Mr. Porter has succeeded in giving a remarkably fine account of Japanese literature, both prose and poetry, from the "Kojiki" down to Nietzschean influence. Mr. Porter pays a tribute to the translation work of Sir Ernest Satow, Professor B. H. Chamberlain, the late Dr. W. G. Aston, and Mr. F. V. Dickins. Only a very small portion of Japanese literature has been translated into English, and we trust that in the near future we may possess translations as beautiful and precious as those of the "Ho-jo-ki" and "Takatori Monogatari." Mr. Porter has revelled in the "tantalising excerpts" from the "Ise Monogatari," and it is quite time that someone undertook to translate the whole of this valuable and most fascinating series of Japanese love affairs. We are rather alarmed to hear that there are Japanese Thomas Hardys, George Eliots, Edgar Allan Poes, and George Merediths. The whole idea seems incongruous, almost laughable, when Niponese authors might do so much better by trying to imitate Lafcadio Hearn, who, according to Mr. Porter,

"does not seem to have played any part in shaping the *form* of Japanese literature."

Mr. Porter writes, in his chapter entitled "Journalism and Journalists":—

Before reaching Nagoya a Japanese reporter of a newspaper of that city came on the train and practically remained with the writer until he left the city late the following afternoon. The questions that sad-eyed youth asked would have filled a volume. Afterwards it transpired that his "interview" took a serial form, and was published in several successive issues of the paper. From the editor of the paper came a courteous letter of thanks for receiving his reporter, together with a box of the ingeniously constructed models of the ancient warriors of the Aichi province. . . . What the writer said and what the reporter wrote, and whether the one bore any resemblance to the other, must be left to the imagination of the reader.

Mr. Porter deals with education, finance, the army and navy, agriculture, labour, and wages—in short, with every phase of the economic progress of Japan. But, curiously enough, apart from chapters devoted to the Red Cross work and philanthropy, and one or two brief references to Buddhism and Shintoism, he does not inform us in regard to Japan's religious outlook to-day. We recently heard of a suggested amalgamation of Christianity with the two religions we have just mentioned. The scheme fell through, but it nevertheless indicates a state of religious unrest in Japan, and before long those who govern will be compelled to combat the wave of materialism that is sapping her vitality. She must have spiritual sustenance, and cannot exist on the wild outpourings of Nietzsche or on Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." Japan has been quick to absorb Christian ethics, but we venture to think that the full recognition of Japan will be more complete, more enduring, when she has added the teachings of Christ to those of the Lord Buddha.

Poetry Shackled.

Moods, Songs, and Doggerels. By JOHN GALSWORTHY.
(Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

IT must be admitted that, having regard to impressions gathered from his prose writings, we failed to picture Mr. Galsworthy as a poet. The note of austerity, of strenuous and rather partial animadversions on modern life which of late he has especially expressed, seemed inimical to the gladness and fine devotion so inseparable from the true poet's equipment; and though we have found in this volume many beautiful passages and a few memorable moments of thought, on the whole there is no reason to alter our previously made conclusion that Mr. Galsworthy's best and most manageable material is prose. His attitude is too desperate, his philosophy too severe, for the amenities of verse; he seems an artist working in an unfamiliar medium. As an extreme instance, we may quote a stanza from "A Slum Cry":—

Of a night without stars—wind withdrawn,
God's face hidden, indignity near me,
Drink and the paraffin flares to sear me—
Dust-coloured hunger—so was I born!

Of a city noonday—sand through sieve
Sifting down, dusk padding the glamour—
I of the desolate, white-lipped clamour
Millioning fester—so do I live!

This is simply incoherent, besides being technically poor stuff and not to be termed poetry, lenient though we may feel inclined to be. But there are better occupations than fault-finding, and here and there, when Mr. Galsworthy has a musical mood upon him and yields to its sway, he strays into the lower slopes of the Delectable Land, as in his opening poem, "A Dream," which contains some exquisite lines:—

And all my days of past delight
As to a drowning man came by—
And all the litanies of night—
And prayed, and spoke me tenderly.
And all the perfume and the grace,
The stealing beauty of this earth,
Put out its fingers to my face,
And softly murmured me its worth.

Yet among these really worthy stanzas we find such lines as these:—

And first of these twin equal laws
Is that dynamic force which flows. . . .

and the rhyming of "half" with "have," "hypocrisy" with "see," and "men" with "can"—the sort of thing which for many readers must inevitably spoil the pleasure they would otherwise find in the best portion of the book. Of the lyrics, "Devon to Me" and "Counting the Stars" are the most charming; both of them are sheer music, captured from the open air, the apple-blossom, the joy of life. In such a mood Mr. Galsworthy succeeds admirably, and justifies himself for publishing his experiments in verse; when he attempts to construct poetry from the "festering city" or the wail of the slums, he shows the torn places of the poet's robe, and makes us a little impatient, though not, we trust, uncharitable.

Ancient India

Ancient India. By S. KRISHNASWAMI AIYANGAR, M.A.
With an Introduction by Vincent A. Smith, M.A.,
I.C.S. (retired). (Luzac and Co. 6s. net.)

THE progress of education in India is proved when an Indian writer, with the qualifications possessed by Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, of the Mysore Education Service, can produce such a book as "Ancient India." The title has been used before, and apparently the greater portion of the work is based on lectures delivered on different occasions, but these facts do not detract from its merits. It does not pretend to be a history of the whole of India. Only the first chapter, containing an historical survey up to A.D. 700, summarises the fortunes of the main dynasties of Upper India; the remainder of the book is devoted to Southern India,

with which naturally the author is best acquainted. When he admits that, to the earnest student, early South Indian history in general is dreary, it can hardly be otherwise to all who are not professed scholars concerned with historical research. Mr. Aiyangar divides the history of the Dekhan and of India south of the Dekhan respectively into six periods, but this subdivision does not enable the reader to grasp and retain the facts relating to the rise, consolidation, ascendancy, decadence, decline, fall and disappearance of the numerous dynasties and powers which pass across the stage. It would be easy to give strings of their names and of their kings, which are, in several cases, set out in genealogical tables; but they would convey little meaning, even after comparison with the two clear maps which Mr. Aiyangar has provided.

Some of the names are of appalling length—sesquipedalian would be an inadequate description. He has some sound observations on the necessity for chronology in connection with history; but his chief point is that, essential as inscriptions and archaeological research are—he lays much stress on the value of epigraphical work—they, after all, provide the dry bones only, and that dependence must to a great extent be placed upon Sanskrit and the vernaculars, especially Tamil. The Augustan age of patrons of Tamil literature he places in the seventh century, but the greatest literary activity in the language was, he says, in the second century. There is evidently a wide field for exploration. Mr. Aiyangar neglects no source of information. He quotes, for instance, Pliny's reference, A.D. 77, to trade between Rome and India, and he refers to the Ceylon chronicle. It is desirable that his work should be tested by competent scholars. His account of the deposition of the Maharaja of Mysore in 1831 does not tally with the official record. He states that the Maharaja's princely generosity was used as a handle to depose him; the official version is that "by a continued course of misgovernment the Maharaja drove the greater part of his subjects into rebellion." Elsewhere, writing on the Chola administration between A.D. 900-1300, he remarks that "the jury system, which is believed to be the specific birthright of Englishmen, and generally spoken of as unknown in India, is found to have been in full swing." Some form of *panchayat* was indigenous to India, but this particular statement requires corroboration. Mr. Aiyangar's work has the guarantee of an introduction by Mr. Vincent Smith, the Deputy Reader in Indian History at Oxford, and may be accepted as a valuable contribution to a dull and obscure portion of Indian history.

Undramatic Dramas

The Grey Stocking, and Other Plays. By MAURICE BARING. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. MAURICE BARING, like ninety per cent of modern writers, imagines that a play is merely a story, or a series of conversations written in dialogue. He continues to labour under the impression that, after having divided

his work into three or four correct parts, and written in a certain number of directions, some occult thing, some ray of limelight, will turn it into a play. We have a volume containing three of these so-called plays—"The Grey Stocking," "The Green Elephant," and "A Double Game." We happen to have seen "The Green Elephant" upon the stage. Certainly it was in the elaborately artistic hands of Miss Kingston and a second-rate company; but if it had been performed by a picked company, with everything that beautiful scenery could do, it must have been what is technically known as a "fizzle." It has many things that some successful plays never contain. It has, for instance, delightful dialogue, easy, natural, and sometimes witty. The characters are drawn, not from the imaginations of popular playwrights, who are not in the least indisposed to write a play to fit any one of our all too well-known actor-managers, on any subject chosen by them, but from life. They not only say the things that they certainly would have said under the circumstances, but they do the things that such people do every day. Underneath all this—and it is a great deal—there is a very nice, humorous idea, a sly touch of satire, that is quite refreshing. And yet, somehow or other, something is missing, and it is that these plays stand badly in need of dramatising.

To say this is to lay ourselves open to a dozen quick charges of ball cartridge. The New School detest to be dramatic. The very word sends their locks into a tangle. Having joined a school to which the sometimes fatal word "new" has been attached (the "old" school includes such names as Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Sheridan), they sacrifice movement and form, the clash of temperament, and the dramatic curtain upon their altar of super-subtlety. That they do produce work that has considerable interest is, of course, undisputed. There is "The New Sin," as the latest example. Their choice of subject and their deliberately ineffective treatment make for no wide appeal. They seem to be ashamed of writing for the theatre, although they are endeavouring to write plays. It is very curious and very silly. If Mr. Maurice Baring had greater ambition, if he could forget the horrid word "clever," and make a genuine and painstaking study of the difficult art of play-writing, his light touch and charming dialogue would stand him in good stead. We can find, after a careful reading, no reason why these three plays should not have been treated in story form, and it is impossible to say anything more sweeping than this.

Shorter Reviews

The Midsummer of Italian Art. By FRANK PRESTON STEARNS. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

MR. STEARNS is frankly a bookmaker who has "read up" his subject, and relies upon the "authorities" rather than upon his native intuition, so that the volume he contributes to the colossal literature

upon the great Florentine painters must be judged as a mere added volume to a well threshed out subject to which even the "authorities" themselves come with one lack for which all their scholarship and industry cannot atone—the lack of the basic concept of what is Art. The book is readable from its sheer sincerity in trying to bring together the opinions of the "authorities"; but there is more than a sign that Mr. Stearns accepts, as authentic, works that are more than questionable; and as he sees always what he has come forth to see, he finds in any work attributed to the great masters the splendour that the authorities assure him he ought to find therein.

The author lays down laws of life as he passes, which cannot stand trial at the bar of experience. For instance, in speaking of Leonardo da Vinci he affirms that "the notion that illegitimate children are brighter than others is not substantiated by the facts of history, for Leonardo appears to have been the only artist of the first rank who was born outside the marriage tie." Quite apart from such proof, which is no proof at all, was Leonardo the only illegitimate who reached to great achievement in art? As a matter of fact some of the greatest men of genius have been born illegitimate, and more may have been so than is known. But leaving aside the obvious fact that the illegitimate are rare as against the mass of the legitimate, surely the fact of legitimacy is so conventional and superficial a thing that it really cannot be seriously considered one way or another as affecting genius!

Again, Mr. Stearns must be seeing what he went forth to see, if he find the wondrous personal beauty of Leonardo still present in his one known "Self-portrait in Old Age." But our author's catalogue of Leonardo's gifts is so obviously book-read that it becomes quite delightful in its boy-like phrasing. He recalls the Ollendorffian years of youth. He reminds one of Whistler's waggish description of Lord Leighton—"he also paints." Mr. Stearns stumbles into blunders with as child-like faith—even his ecstatic belief in Leonardo's death, enwrapped in the king's arms, must be rudely shaken, for it happened unfortunately that the king was far off. Mr. Stearns' reasons for Leonardo's exasperating habit of leaving his works unfinished is somewhat naive; but to miss the real reason is to miss the character of the man—indeed, his whole paragraph on this phase of Leonardo is deliciously comical in its serious simplicity. Again, sixty-seven is not usually accounted an "early death." However, the book-making of this volume leaves one wondering what purpose is served by the production of all this strange, ill-digested literature on Art.

The People's Books. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net per volume.)

IN this new series of the Messrs. Jack the slenderest purse is catered for, and in a way it has never been catered for before. In saying this we have no intention of disparaging any other cheap series of books,

and there are many of them, all admirable in their way, but we know of none at the price equal to these. Here, indeed, is knowledge for the million, supplied in original works, not reprints, by eminent writers of the highest qualifications, in handy cloth-bound volumes, at the modest price of sixpence. They are written in a simple, attractive style, and each book will form at least an admirable introduction to the subject with which it deals, and act as a guide to the reader to future study, for a course of reading is given at the end of each volume, specifying the best works in which the particular theme may be further pursued.

The series is being issued at intervals in batches of twelve volumes, which are occasionally illustrated. The first dozen comprised five works dealing with science, one with philosophy, one with religion, two with history, and three with *belles-lettres*. In the second batch, just issued, there are again five scientific works, together with three historical ones, and three relating to letters. Two very up-to-date volumes are "Home Rule," by L. G. Redmond Howard, and "Women's Suffrage," by Mrs. Fawcett. Other subjects dealt with are botany, chemistry, astronomy, radiation, heredity, Bergson's philosophy, and Roman Catholicism. There are several biographies of famous people, a volume of verse, and another of synonyms. It will be seen from this short notice that the series bids fair to provide a liberal education at a nominal cost to all who are fortunate enough to possess it.

A Year's Gardening. By BASIL HARGRAVE. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

Wild Flowers in Their Homes:—I. The Hedgerow. II. The Wood. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, D.Sc., F.L.S. Illustrated by C. F. Newall. (T. Werner Laurie. 1s. net each.)

MR. WERNER LAURIE is to be congratulated on the production of these handsome volumes, which are remarkably cheap at the price charged for them. "A Year's Gardening" is charmingly bound and illustrated; but what is more important, it contains all the information the amateur gardener could wish for. This includes a calendar giving a series of jobs for every day in the year, an alphabetical and descriptive list of flowers, with hints on their cultivation, and chapters on alpine, rock and wall gardens, window boxes, lawns, fruit trees, vegetables, garden pests, etc., and a good index. "Wild Flowers in Their Homes" is a new series of which we have received the two volumes mentioned above; and judging by these samples it is likely to become a very popular one amongst all lovers of the wild flowers of our countryside. Mr. Westell's descriptions are exhaustive and full of interest, and Mr. Newall's illustrations, especially the coloured ones, of which there are several, are excellent. These booklets will be pleasant companions to take with one when on a country ramble, for practically every English wood and hedgerow wild flower is described and depicted in them.

Fiction

The City of Light: A Novel of Modern Paris. By W. L. GEORGE. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THIS story of the development of a modern French youth, and his final tardy emancipation from his parents' wishes—which amounted almost to an oppression—in the matter of his marriage, is something distinctly out of the common in fiction. So life-like are the scenes at times that they seem not to be fiction at all. Henri, the hero, in love with the daughter of a neighbour—a charming girl, who, from the point of view of his mother, will not do as a match—resembles a fly struggling in the meshes of a web, so closely is he pressed, so hotly is he worried. Until the very end, even though he has come into a small fortune and is twenty-eight years old, deference to the feelings of his mother forbids him to break away. Then, however, the mother oversteps the bounds of common-sense in her endeavour to wreck his resolve, and takes the extreme step of calling a *conseil de famille* which shall relieve the poor Henri of his independence; naturally, it has exactly the opposite effect. In a fine scene Henri defies his mother, breaks free, and goes—"to her."

The descriptions of the various phases of life in Paris are excellent; the relations of the two families, the friends of Henri and Suzanne, hold the reader fascinated. The whole book is an intimate study of a world which is very little known to English men and women, and it is written in a limpid, effective style that adds considerably to the pleasure of the reader.

Felix Christie. By PEGGY WEBLING. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THE young man who comes to London to make his fortune is no new character in fiction, and, since Felix Christie follows the conventional way, endures a sufficiency of lean years to enable him to appreciate fat times, and writes a book which makes him very famous indeed, it will be seen that nothing short of genius could have made this book more than passing interesting. And, although talent and a good sense of story-building are easily apparent, there is no sign of genius. It is a rather good, rather commonplace story, its best attribute being an almost Dickensian portrayal of a set of minor characters rejoicing in the name of Chippett.

Paragraphing and style strike one as journalese rather than literary, and the book is devoid of implications—all is expressed, and the art of suggestion, which makes one see the living person behind the printed word, has no place here. Fact after fact is set down baldly; Felix is ambitious, Felix is clever, Felix falls in love—so might any junior reporter of a daily newspaper have told a story. There is no atmosphere about the work, and consequently we are unable to get close to these people and realise them as more than puppets. In "Buckley's" we have a pale and ineffectual representation of a great

publishing house, one which leads us to suspect that the authoress is not too well acquainted with her materials here—Buckley's people are too kind (we had almost said philanthropic) to be real. Miss Webling has written a fairly interesting story in fairly good journalistic style, and no more.

Twinkle. By ARTHUR H. HOLMES. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

WE recognise the influence of Mr. Henry James—we could not fail to recognise it—in this study of Jacob Twinkle, and the discovery, belief—call it what you will—that failed—or shall we say satisfied?—him. The characters move in half-lights, speak in allusions—but it is not Henry James who writes, and there is little of the spirit in the form—and fade out at the end without having succeeded in producing more than a flitting impression on the reader's consciousness.

We admit the existence of one Jacob Twinkle, but not more, and when we find other characters attempting to convey their meaning by implications—and even succeeding in the attempt—just as did Jacob Twinkle himself, we refuse to be convinced of their reality. Maud, the daughter, is nearest to flesh and blood, possibly because she accomplishes a discovery and belief in definite action. The book had been a fine study in emotions but for its bloodlessness and utter detachment—perhaps the writer was interested in his characters, and perhaps only in producing a thing of cleverness. This latter he has certainly done, for the book is very clever in a cold, impersonal way which leaves us quite unmoved. Mr. Holmes has dealt in fine, very fine shades of temperament and feeling, has shown himself no mean psychologist—and yet, in spite of all, he has not rent aside the veil from the essentials of the lives portrayed here. We see Jacob Twinkle and his fellows through a prism which detracts rather than distorts—we need, either that this prism should be taken away, or that another should be added, before Mr. Holmes writes another book.

Helen of Lancaster Gate. By PHILIP GIBBS. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s.)

NOT just yet, it seems, are we to have anything so good from Mr. Philip Gibbs as "The Street of Adventure," but meanwhile we need not be ungrateful for his less compelling work. The story of Helen is full of interest, from the time when she meets on the Channel boat the free-and-easy young artist who was to be her fate to the time when that same artist, rescued at the last gasp from the depths of despondency and despair, seems about to bring her a less drab-coloured happiness than was hers when she supported him by the aid of her typewriter and a lodger friend. The situations at the middle of the story are very neatly conceived and cleverly handled. Helen's father, a financier, has brought the family up in a manner which places them in money matters on a level with their social superiors, and Helen becomes engaged to young Lord Belfield, her

heart being untouched. Then comes the crash; the trial and imprisonment of the father brings disgrace upon all; the match is broken off, and Helen, who is in love with the artist, accepts him. He is rather a broken reed, and his character is well drawn. The brothers Henry and Cyril form excellent foils to one another—Cyril, we suppose, being one of the first aviators to appear in modern fiction. We can recommend "Helen of Lancaster Gate" to all who want a thoroughly good and consistently entertaining novel.

The Secret of the Sands. By FRED. M. WHITE. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

MR. WHITE, who is by no means unknown to novel-readers, has compounded in this extraordinary story a jumble of well-nigh every nefarious act known to humanity. Throughout the three hundred pages, before the secret is laid bare, the reader lives in an atmosphere of murder, robbery, forgery, embezzlement, and falsehood, with ghostly apparitions, disordered intellects, and a Sicilian vendetta thrown in; not to mention secret societies and the sign of the five matches representing a dagger which warns the bold bad villain that his end is near. He is a foreign count, of course, with the picturesque name Henri De Lava—most appropriate to a Sicilian born—and he has a purple moustache. The remarkable thing about it all is that not a single one of the miscreants conjured up by Mr. White's fertile brain is brought to justice. On the contrary, the story ends with "weddings all round," as Sir Horace exclaimed. It requires a great stretch of the imagination to recognise in the frontispiece Vera Amory, the heroine, "a dainty little creature who generally wore a sunny smile on her fascinating face." Those who are fond of a stirring tale of improbable happenings cannot do better than read "The Secret of the Sands."

The Woman-Hunter. By ARABELLA KENEALY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

HERE are two distinct stories, though, as the same heroine serves for both, the second is to some extent dependent on the first. Nerissa, the said heroine, marries Alan Harland, who, with a view to working out his own salvation, practises self-abnegation to such an extent that Nerissa, who makes an admirable, lovable heroine, finds her charms as a wife totally overlooked. Finally, to resist the temptations of the flesh—in the shape of a vulgar girl whom he has rescued from the streets—Harland goes off to a Trappist monastery, and leaves his wife a widow to all intents and purposes save that of remarriage.

The psychological interest of this first story makes it of more than common value—it is work of a high order, and the delicacy and insight with which the authoress has handled a difficult subject are combined with a restrained style which, giving to each incident its proper significance and no more, adds emphasis to the tremendous lesson of the story. We are therefore a little

disappointed when, in "Book 2," Nerissa meets her fate in the shape of Otto Bellairs, reforms him, and marries him after a few exciting episodes and her former husband's extremely convenient death. Although Nerissa's character is well sustained, although Bellairs is cleverly drawn, and although the theory of reincarnation is brought in to lend verisimilitude to ghosts and subterranean passages, the descent from fine, delicate characterisation to methods savouring strongly of melodrama renders the second part of the book rather unconvincing, and detracts largely from the force of the whole.

Music

EVERYBODY knows what Augusta Elton thought of Birmingham, how she told Emma Woodhouse "One has not great hopes from it; I always say there is something direful in the sound." We shall not be accused of Eltonism, we trust, if we say that what Birmingham and its possibilities were to the vivacious Augusta, so, to the practised concert-goer, are "one-man" concerts of "original compositions." We have attended a great many, and are conscious of a secret sinking of heart when called upon to enlarge our experience of such entertainments. We listen through a dreary evening to a succession of long, large-sized works, Symphonies, Symphonic Poems, Serenades, Overtures to the Revolt of Islam, and Threnodies on the Death of Space, Cycles of Songs that have no end, and Variations on a Theme by Tubal, till Nature imitates Islam, and kindly sleep comes to end our woe. The composer is probably a serious young person, addicted to music from childhood, a pianist or violinist very likely, who has been taught "Composition" at some college, and has developed a power of scribbling down scores with a rapidity not excelled by that of the lady novelist who turns out a volume each month. From the first "Maestoso" to the last "Prestissimo" there is nothing which the world would have missed, had it been left in the composer's brain, unwritten. The tragedies of life are what he has attempted to depict in music. He does not see that the waste of his own and others' time is the real tragedy.

Our approach to the "One-Man" Picture-show is not darkened by similar feelings of apprehension. But then your painter of to-day does not engage some vast and gloomy hall, and line it with pictures that rival Michelangelo's frescoes in size and ambition. The rooms of Agnew and Carfax would not admit pictures as large as the famous "Non Angli, sed Angeli" of Gandish. So the painters content themselves with smaller canvases, and refrain from any attempt to imitate the Grand size and the Grand manner of the Cinquecento. Such reasonableness does not, as a rule, commend itself to the budding composer of music. He must take more sheets of paper than were used by Beethoven for his longest Symphonies; he must marshal as many instruments as Strauss; he must choose such subjects of difficulty as

Mozart and Schubert never dreamed of. His lowest aim is to be as big and as profound as Brahms. Is it strange that we leave his concert oppressed by feelings similar to those which Matthew Arnold experienced when he attended the Social Science Congress?

But there are exceptions to every rule, and we went to Mr. Percy Grainger's evening of his own compositions haunted by no anticipatory terror. Only one or two of his smaller pieces were at all known to us, but they had induced the comfortable conviction that he was not likely, as yet, to inflict any tragic Symphonies or Poems upon his audience in Æolian Hall. We studied his programme; out of fourteen numbers, seven had distinct connection with a note of tragedy or pathos; would the concert, then, be but a gloomy affair after all? Most certainly it was not. There was something curiously successful about the way in which the grave and the gay were mingled. Mr. Grainger can put his hand unerringly on both the springs of merriment or pathos, and he turned our humour from one to the other with never the smallest effect of incongruity. Perhaps this was because all that he did struck one listener at any rate (but probably all the listeners) as transparently sincere. The ugly word "artificial" never came into our mind at any moment. So were we prepared to follow our conductor in all his moods.

We had better say at once that the effect of this concert was to induce a conviction that a new personality has arisen, a new voice begun to make itself heard in Music. We cannot say whether Mr. Grainger's influence will become a dominating one, but we shall be much surprised if it is not a wide one, a wholesome, beneficent one, and we are sure that the world will be the loser if it is not. Many composers have taken folk-tunes as the base of elaborate compositions, or imagined tunes on the model of the folksong. But Mr. Grainger has found out a new way of treating them. He is a real inventor, and on his inventions there is the clearest stamp that they are original in the right sense. It is patent that he has not fashioned his scores in this new style for the sake of doing something new, but because this new style is really the expression of himself, because he feels that by its aid he better presents his tune with freshness, point and grace of congruity. It is for this reason that we think he is bound to have the effect of an original, inspiring force upon contemporary music. Quite unaided, for his style does not depend on anything that has been done before, he has opened out a new channel into which music's stream may be directed.

We are far from hoping that all our young composers will at once try to copy Mr. Grainger's models, and treat us to their own "Mollies on the Shore," their "Rambles," and to such *intarsiatura* work as the "Strattespeg with the Sea Chanty." But some of them will take no harm if they learn that small-sized pieces of music of original design, sincere feeling, and perfect finish, are better than those vast compositions which are only would-be imitations of the work of very great men. They may learn, too, that music can be good although it is not always profound or tragic. With Mr. Grainger it seems that "cheerfulness

is always breaking in," yet not at unsuitable moments. His reels and dances are infectiously cheerful, but how completely he forgets that he loves a laugh when he sits down to find music that shall help us to enter into the spirit of the "Twa Corbies," or the "Willow Song," or Kipling's "Mother o' Mine"! From the date given in the programme, we learned that many of the pieces we heard have been in manuscript for several years. Here is a good example. Mr. Grainger has not composed in a hurry, and rushed about to have every composition performed at once. He may have Symphonies locked up in his cabinet—we rather hope that he has not. It may be that he feels that the small Dutch canvas is at present the best for him to cover with paint. He may prefer to be pathetic and homely with Maes and jovial with Steen, rather than to paint a "Night Watch" or a "Syndics." But if he does write works on a larger scale than those he has shown us, we have a good hope that they will also be laid out in some fashion that is new though not fantastic, that they will be as free from "padding" as the earlier works, as alive and vigorous with hearty health. We should like to speak in detail of some of the beautiful music, now touching, now exhilarating, which we heard last week.

But we must confine ourselves to recording the general impression it made upon us, and that is, that these compositions are the production of one who was sent into the world to compose, and not merely to play the piano. It is not very often that we can say this of pianist-composers. The learned or the envious may point out all the weaknesses they can discover or suspect in this music which has made us so glad. We accept it as it is. When the Sun has warmed us, we do not care to search for the spots upon it. At a moment when youth, gaiety, charm, happiness, and such pleasant spirits are not those which bear chief rule in our music, Mr. Grainger comes and dashes a radiant spark through the prevailing greyness. Dare we say, also, that we think his success in striking the pathetic note may be due to the fact that he looks first to the brighter side of things? Mr. Balfour has been telling us that he would like Literature to sound a more Grainger-like chord. It has for some time looked as if writers and their readers and composers and their hearers had been afraid to admit that there may be a brighter side to the world they picture. The authors and composers of "musical comedy" have not done much to mend matters. But now we have Mr. Grainger to give us what is cheerful and at the same time beautiful and good. Were he merely a clever and amusing person, dexterous beyond his fellows in tickling our ears, his influence would be only a passing one. But we believe him to be very much more than this, and we look forward with hope to his effect on his contemporaries.

Mr. Grainger knows his own business best, what he can do and what he cannot. He may intend to confine himself to the smaller *genre* of compositions, in which he must be conscious that he is succeeding so brilliantly. But we own that we hope a composer of such humour, vivacity and nervous power will move on to bigger

things. It is not likely that anyone of such imagination and spirit will ever be at a loss for subjects, but if he is, may we suggest to him an Overture to Samuel Pepys or Charles Lamb, a Ballet of "Candide and Cunégonde," a "Serenade to Mme de Sévigné," an Opera on "Tom Jones," a "Tristram Shandy" Suite; or, if he must be modern, could he not do some "Rambles" on George Moore or Barry Pain, or set music for "Under the Greenwood Tree," and, when in more poignant mood, take some of the "Drum Taps" of Whitman for illustration? We are convinced, on the evidence of the works performed last week, that he has the gifts necessary for successful dealing with practically any subject.

We have left ourselves no space for a chronicle of the daily round of music, but must pay a cordial tribute of gratitude to Mr. Gregory Hart on the occasion of his "Farewell Concert" for the unvaryingly good influence he has for the last fifteen years exercised in the cause of the highest type of vocal music, and for the true pleasure his admirable singing has often given us in many a concert room, at the provincial festivals, in the Temple Church, when Bach had composed the anthem. He is now to devote himself entirely to teaching. May he inspire his pupils with some portion of his own lofty spirit, and that urbanity which gave so distinct a charm to his style. A very young lady, Mlle Guionar Novares, trained in Paris, has been touching the piano in London. Her ability, her maturity, her insight into both the form and the spirit of what she plays are absolutely astounding. Playing as she does at the age of sixteen, there is no doubt that she may become one of the greatest pianists of her time, so that the date of her quiet *début* at Æolian Hall will be recorded with emphasis by all the Groves and the Fétis of the future.

Miss Beatrice Irwin at Crosby Hall

AT Crosby Hall, Chelsea, on Tuesday evening, May 21, Miss Beatrice Irwin gave a "colour poem" recital to demonstrate "the art of geometric harmony, or triple vibration, through the expressed correspondences of form, colour, and sound." Reclining upon the stage, Miss Irwin recited a poem on the subject, for example, of "Earth-Worship," the stage meanwhile being illuminated by a sequence of delicate tints. By the simultaneous expression of the corresponding vibrations of form, colour, and sound, the artist endeavoured to create symbols upon the elastic membrane of the atmosphere, and to react with these symbols upon the audience, producing a sensation of æsthetic pleasure. The desired effect may have been produced upon the extreme

æsthete, now almost extinct in these commercial and utilitarian times, or upon a company of overfed and pampered rajahs and sultans preparing for an after-dinner siesta, but to the ordinary individual of this hustling world, seated upon a wooden chair, the correct receptive psychic state would not come. We recommend this extension of the theory of physical and psychical correspondences to Miss Irwin for future recitals. Under the conditions of the Crosby Hall recital, the lack of invigorating inspiration, both in the poetry and in its recital, was very marked. Signor Mario Lorenzi delighted the audience with his exquisitely rendered harp solos, notably with Debussy's "Arabesque."

Ambitions

THE earliest ambitions are the best. Those that come about the age of five. They are the purest and most passionate. They have no alloy of mean motive or timid misgiving. They are single and intense—the only ambitions which the mind ever knows that are purely the ambitions of an artist.

Miss Horatio Ewing's Jackanapes had two ambitions—to ride on the village pig and to sit like the ducklings on the village pond. They may be taken to represent their class; for, if we have not all had these same longings, we have all had others equally fine in their place. To call coals in the street, to stand upon a ladder with a jolly paint-pot, hung most fascinatingly upon a hook, and to splash paint upon a house, to climb a wall and touch the moon—these are the adorable ambitions of youth, the great schemes of the first decade. But, though they take many forms, they have this in common—that they are all prosecuted without doubt of their desirableness or of ultimate success. It is by this that they transcend the meaner and more timid ambitions of later years. That they can be done and are worth doing are not matters of argument. These serene ambitions are undisturbed by any weakness, or fears, or doubts hidden within themselves. Genius indeed lies most in the power to preserve undisturbed through life the childlike quality in ambition. Nor are they only serene by this robust faith, but by their freedom from all motive. It is only at five that one desires to do a thing for the sake of doing it, unregarding rewards or consequences, with a feeling that to do is itself the finest of all things. Why should one want to touch the moon? Yet the conviction that the moon can be touched (once the top of the wall is reached) is no stronger than the conviction that it is worth touching. Many men can paint a house in a workmanlike way. Only a boy of five can do it as an artist. At five we are all artists.

These early ambitions pass quickly. That again should recommend them. They are intense while they remain; they bring a keen pleasure of anticipation, the delight of much scheming; but they are soon gone, to be followed by others as transitory. One may pass a whole regiment of noble ambitions in review, enjoy them in anticipation, and never know failure or the sadder

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experience of success. Jackanapes, it is true, was not so fortunate. He learnt early the meaning of disillusionment. He plotted too well. He found that to sit upon the green slime of a pond was not the simple and pleasurable thing he had thought it, that in this he was inferior to the ducklings. But most of us, with luck and a vigilant nurse, may escape his fate.

It is towards the end of the first decade, when we can consort with others of our kind, swagger with our hands in our pockets, go abroad without female tutelage, and feel that we are men that the second ambitions come. They are meaner than the first. They contain an alloy of external vanity; they are ambitions to be rather than to do, to cut a fine figure. They give an eye to outside opinion (a thing to which the earliest ambitions were sublimely indifferent). They are self-conscious. This is the age of military ambitions. The earlier desire to be a house-painter had nothing to do with the beauty of a soiled apron. It was concerned only with the pleasure of handling a pot and brush. This later desire is less for the joy of using a sword than of wearing it. It is inferior by its vanity. But it is a fine thing. There are meaner ambitions than to desire to cut a figure. To go about imagining how one would be admired in a scarlet coat, to strut as if one already wore it, and all the time to be indifferent to the more immediate effect upon opinion of a clean collar, is to live very pleasantly.

These ambitions are light, fanciful, fantastic, as the first were intense and practical. They are the occasional ambitions of a mind and body that have much to employ them. They linger long in the fancy, pretty, unsubstantial things flitting in and out. It is about the age of nineteen that they give place to others of a more substantial sort. Oh, the portentous ambitions of nineteen, of a boy's last years at school! Nineteen or thereabouts is the great turning-point in life. Until then one grows steadily older. Afterwards one begins to decline—in ambition. And it is, after all, his ambitions which give most colour to a man's views of life, that settle his perspective and direct his opinions. Before nineteen one may be gay and irresponsible; after nineteen, indifference, frivolity, something of the same sort as gaiety, though less fine in quality, will take its place. But nineteen is the solemn age—the age which weighs upon a man's shoulders. It is then that he feels a responsibility for the world. Like Mr. Barrie's journalist, he is staggered by the thought of the bare possibility (for the Fates are capricious) that he may not be famous. George Rumbold, the gentle artist in "Our Street," would paint nothing but historical pictures of a colossal size. The ambitions of nineteen are just of that sort. No one at nineteen would confess to the ambition to write a novel. For at nineteen one has not read Miss Austen's and George Meredith's defence of the dignity of fiction; and, if one had, one would dismiss them contemptuously as special pleading. A grave historical work if you will, and for occasional relaxation a scholarly essay. Anything less than that is—at nineteen—held in contempt. The actor at nineteen sees nothing below Shakespeare; the artist despises the Royal Academy, which in later years he will be only too willing to enter.

At nineteen journalism is hardly to be named as a profession—not even as a side door to letters. It is the tradesman's entrance. For nineteen paints only on large canvases, and writes only ponderous volumes, and speaks only on world affairs. It is said that a man keeps his youthful gaiety until he discovers that life is hard, capricious, dishonest, something which will fight him, and that without regard to sportsmanlike rules. But this is not true. No later suffering can make a man's brow so heavy, his face so solemn, his mouth so severe, as the ambitions of nineteen.

But they are soon gone—portentously solid cargo which would make any ship founder. They had best be jettisoned at once. Four years later most men are content with the ambition to earn a living. It is easier to carry and to handle. And then comes the last ambition. It is concerned neither with doing something for the sake of the doing, nor with cutting a fine figure, nor with fame. It is content to work humbly, so that it can trust those with whom it works and believe in the thing for which it is working. Five would consider this as timid, for no financier of American fiction is so sure of himself, so distrustful of others, so eager to plan and work alone as five. Twelve would hold it drab, nineteen wave it aside as unworthy. It is the last infirmity of noble minds.

C. V.

The Threatened Collapse of the International

By HALDANE MACFALL.

THERE are two societies of painters for which I have a natural bias and sympathy as to their aims and intentions—let me say this at the start—the "New English Art Club" and the "Internationals." That these two combinations have largely pulled down the once pompous authority of the hide-bound Royal Academy would alone entitle them to every art-lover's warm admiration. It is true that the dull, dead level of Academic intention and achievement has been sufficient in itself to sap that body's whole position; but a rotting tree may last for a considerable time unless blown down by the buffet of rude gales. The New English Art Club, and, thereafter, the Internationals, did not commit the folly of attacking the Royal Academy by the old methods; both societies attacked by dogged and persistent social rivalry, so that to-day all the positions of power, in the Press and in the official direction of art matters, are in their hands. Every social effort has been made; powerful art patrons have been drawn away from the Royal Academy; and important personages of influence have been wooed and won from their side. To-day the Royal Academy stands in an isolated and discredited position, which its wealth and official strength alone save from being in a state of utter collapse. To that state, and to the urgent need of vitalising this now ridiculous and commonplace institution, I will return at an early date; but to the condition of one of the

triumphant rivals, the Society of the Internationals, let us pay considerable attention, since much depends upon this body as regards the development of the modern painters—at least, did depend and might depend. But of a certainty, whether owing to lack of settled finance, or to coteries, or to other sources of weakness such as the domination of mediocre but pushful personalities, or the dozen and one causes of the weakness in such bodies, I do not pretend to know or guess, this Society has steadily lapsed towards a second-rate state that threatens to become a mere mutual admiration of lesser men. Such a state of decay would be of more serious consequence to modern painting than at first seems apparent. But the weakness of the Society is forced upon us even more prominently than the weakness of such a body as the Royal Academy, since the International has a superb field of supply—nothing less than the whole of Europe. Yet it is administered under such narrow vision and such petty concept that the supreme British painters of our time are not enlisted upon its roll, nor is their work invited to its walls!

No charge could be more damning against a body boasting so grandiose a title. That its roll-call should cry the names of at least half-a-dozen such mediocrities as it contains when the supreme genius of the nation is passed by, surely is fantastical—it is certainly destruction to the power of achievement of the Society; nor can the place of genius be taken by the mere pushfulness and social energy of mediocrities.

Now, were the Society but one of the many rivals of the Royal Academy for official favour, that have been worn down by the Academy generation after generation, all this would matter little. But the wide aim and original intention, and the large ambition, of the Internationals made for freedom, and brought a thrill of hope throughout the studios where men were creating sincere art, and were impelled by vital endeavour. The essential need of such a Society was that it should avoid a hide-bound directorate, that it should carefully keep itself from the domination of mere personal ambitions or the even more demoralising predominance of coteries; above all, that it should be an open exhibition to which all artists might send on equal terms, without favour and without privilege—that its elected members should be as subject to the jury as the veriest outsider, that it should never grow old and scant of breath. To-day it is difficult to see in what degree it differs one whit from the Royal Academy except that it does not fling its doors as wide open, and that its judgment of art is higher; but its favouritism is as marked as that of the Academy. Under such conditions it is doomed; nor will its removal in the autumn to its new home be of the slightest avail in staying its complete failure.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers! International in what? I looked in vain for the work of the supreme painters in British achievement now living. Wherefore, then, international? Run down the list of members: scarce a painter of the first rank—several academics—several third-rates. Nowhere could I see a Brangwyn, Peplow, Fergusson or Clausen, for

instance, in the galleries nor on the lists. And they do not even know that Howard Pyle is dead—but perhaps "the report was grossly exaggerated."

Yet this Society in its beginnings threatened prodigious things. Is it that this, too, has become a close borough—that it, too, has ceased to search out or call the younger men? The old Academy sits grimly silent, lord of the purse, the established social function, secure of "the public"; for it knows that all these rival "societies" will break, pass amongst the coteries, and decay. And, of a surety, the "rot" has set in badly at the Grafton Galleries. Remember, all Europe is tribute to this display, if skilfully chosen; and the result is a dullard affair enough this Spring.

Of the men of genius, even Pryde and Nicholson seem to have shrunk from sending the best that is in them. Neither is a great colourist as Fergusson and Peplow are great colourists, but both men command romance and dignity of forms. There is one work that stands forth, outclassing all else—a swift, masterly impression by Manet of a dead rabbit hanging from a nail in a window. Even the great dead, who are conscripted to fill out the interest of the show, are as often as not represented by ghastly potboilers or indifferent examples. Indeed, who shall judge Millet's majesty by the two pieces that here stand for his genius? "The Sower" contains the germ of his great masterpiece; but both paintings are precisely what the collectors of antiques prize, the sort of men who stood by silent and let Millet starve whilst he created majestic masterpieces that are a beacon-light to his age! The masters who are doing great work to-day are as lightly passed by—the professors and experts and critics stamping up and down the country the while to raise public subscription for the possessing of old masters by the State. But Millet's slightest sketch at least holds mastery. In these galleries most of the works hold none. Why are these things displayed except that the whole function of art is misunderstood, and administered by mediocrities who jump at any fatuity so that the fatuity shall have been polished by the intellectual snobbery of the "experts," and be labelled with a "name"?

However, let us get what interest can be got out of this ghostly display of the reputations won by the dead.

There is a "Flower Piece" by Manet which was interesting as showing his change of handling under the revelation of the Broken-Colour of his old comrades Monet and the rest—in which the loss of force through departure from his Mass-Impressionism is balanced by the increase of glitter and atmosphere. The spiritual intensity of Carrière is seen in "The Mother's Kiss," and a fine portrait of the "Lady with the Dog." But Monet is represented by such mediocre examples that one would not account him more than a tenth-rate if one did not know his powers and his significance. By Gauguin, besides the mediocre "Studio," lately displayed at the Stafford Galleries, the two landscapes of 1884 and 1886 are interesting as showing this wilful genius in his earlier days essaying to paint broken-colour impres-

sionism in the scientific phase of French painting, that scientific phase which turned the broken-idea'd painters in weariness of creative emptiness to attempt the bringing back of the childhood of the world into the studios of Paris; though, after all, if a man must be academic and mimic the art of others, he may just as well mimic primal man as copy Michelangelo or Botticelli. Gauguin's broken-colour impressions in landscape show the weakness of the method when tentatively employed in stating large surfaces. Van Gogh is seen in a puerile, ill-drawn and uninspired painting of a "Zouave," which the intellectual snobbery of the "experts" would have rejected from the display had it been by an unknown Englishman; it is a sorry substitute for his glorious landscapes. Rodin, again, in one example at least, is shown at his lowest endeavour, and would not have been shown at all as regards this brutal and formless female nude had his name not been Rodin.

Now this is precisely the atmosphere that this very Society condemns in the Royal Academy. The vitality of such a Society depends on the display of fine examples of the leading European artists, and on the encouragement of youngsters of promise to whom the conventional doors of the Royal Academy are locked and barred. Neither essential quality is here to be seen; and it is clear that the institution has passed under the guidance of its lesser spirits. This is a thousand pities, for it had the backbone of a splendid exhibiting society. In the International lay high hope of artistic salvation; and it should be saved at all costs if it be possible. Its list contains many of the finest names on the Continent; this cannot be said of its home list. Yet to the foreign list might be added many men of genius. Much more space should be given to sculpture.

It is a thousand pities that the Society's brilliant promise should be already gone into decay. There is a lack of a strong personality in its conduct and guidance, and a smack of coterie in its government, that should be at once wiped out. It should refresh and invigorate its career by winning to it, first of all, the greatest living masters in British painting—and it should do it without delay. It should throw its door wide to all serious modern endeavour; and its favour should be rigorously kept for masterpieces by whomsoever created. Less theory and higher achievement would work wonders. Great French masters like Steinlen should be called to give it honour. It rests with the Society to save itself and if it hesitate its day is over. Its members speak with fine scorn of the bookish critics—which were well enough—but even the bookish critics begin to realise that such artists as Brangwyn and Peplow and Fergusson and Steinlen are among the supreme artists of our own time.

It is pleasant, amid the surrounding gloom, to record at least the technical advance of Mr. Kelly in his head of an Oriental girl, "Ma-ta-Mé," and of Mr. Glyn Philpot as a sculptor in the mask of a "Dead Faun," wherein he reveals a personality more marked than in

his deft, broad painting. But the decay of the art of Gandara, of Laprade, of Simon Bussy and others, overwhelms the sense of vitality here and there apparent—at best but a timid vitality, chiefly concerned with craftsmanship.

South American Notes

By W. H. KOEBEL.

I.—BUENOS AIRES.

IT is fifteen years since I was first in Buenos Aires. The occasion was nothing beyond a short week snatched from the midst of a voyage from New Zealand to England, but the incidents of the stay remain sufficiently clearly impressed. At the time it was an unusual thing for a steamer homeward bound from the Antipodes to touch at the Plate. Since the Buenos Aires docks were too insignificant for the purpose, the vessel was berthed at Ensenada, at the mouth of the great river, and the journey to Buenos Aires completed by rail.

The extent of the population of Buenos Aires as it was then I do not know. Doubtless the urban statisticians have it more or less accurately set forth. Just now I am not concerned with population and figures, but with the aspects of the town and its inhabitants.

In 1897 Buenos Aires was to all intents and purposes a city such as existed in the later Spanish Colonial days. Its houses were lowly and flat of roof, and the single story of which each was wont to be composed was set with lofty windows thickly barred with iron. In the centre of each was a *patio*—the shaded courtyard softened by palms, shrubs, and flowers. The streets were narrow, and, save in the very centre of the city, notable for a pavement of crude earth which rose and fell in small mounds and valleys that caused the vehicles fated to traverse them to dip and roll in a giddy fashion. They were adventurous roads at the best of times, these, even during those comparatively prosperous intervals when the summer's dust and the winter's mudholes failed to strew their surface.

Knowing nothing of what lay below it, the town took things very easily in those days. And why not, since, after all, life was intended for comfort, and ease, and shade? An incipient horse-tram or two had begun to ply the more important thoroughfares, it is true. But these were intrusive and unsympathetic things, hostile as yet to the proper atmosphere of the place. It was still the day of the horseman, the guitar and the serenade, when the señoritas peered coyly out from behind the barred windows, and the *yerba* was drawn up through the silver tube from the *maté*-gourd. On the yellow waters of the River Plate were a few white sails and the smoke from an odd funnel or two; but there was little more to disturb the peace of the waters than that of the land. Indeed, nothing beyond an odd murder, dust-storm, *pampero*, or whisper of revolution could effect this.

That was fifteen years ago. It is easy enough to bridge over the intervening time, and thus to arrive at to-day. But to connect the aspects of the present and of this very near past is not so easy. A few landmarks of the earlier era remain. The yellow cathedral and the pink House of Government, and a certain number of such edifices, continue unaltered, paying for their consistency by suggesting an atmosphere of forlorn desolation which grows more marked with every year. The new town has sprung up with a strength that bids fair to choke the life out of buildings such as these. Great sky-scrappers are climbing higher and higher into the sky. Down beneath the surface there is a mighty burrowing and tunnelling that is preparing the way for the new tubes which will soon relieve the congested traffic of the streets.

Within the last few years, indeed, the transformation seems to have increased in rapidity, until it has attained a feverish pace. From an architectural point of view the result is occasionally curious. So abrupt and so overwhelming has been the increase in the values of land that no time has been left for any of the wonted grades of transition. This applies more particularly to the outskirts of the town, since the metamorphosis of the centre is now almost complete. Realising this, many far-sighted and speculative souls, in anticipation of what is to come, have rushed helter-skelter to the remoter suburbs in order to play their part with bricks and mortar. So wholesouled have been their labours that just at present the jumble of present and past which they have succeeded in bringing about is completely bewildering in its effect.

Here, for instance, in an outlying street, which until recently was innocent of any inhabitants but those of the poorest class, is a row of humble dwellings, single-storied erections with gaunt, square windows, whose walls are painted cream, white, brown, yellow, or blue. There is nothing secretive about these modest homes; in them the family existence is carried on more or less in full view of the street, while of an evening the gatherings about each doorway are frankly sociable and unembarrassed. In some of the shaded interiors are articles for sale; at the side of others are small yards which hold the implements or vehicles of trade. Some three or four of these houses will perhaps squat comfortably in a row, just as they have squatted for many years past. And then will occur a break in the sequence sufficiently abrupt to startle the passer-by. A lofty white building of many stories, of the most modern design, bristling with carved stone, and shining with iron, brass, and paint, has come to raise its pretentious self as much above these others as a sunflower stands over a dandelion. Within is probably a lift, and certainly telephones in plenty.

But beyond this lighthouse of a building the level of the street undergoes a sheer fall, and is carried on again by the lowly houses until the next break occurs. A *quinta*, a brand new villa set in its own grounds, has jumped in to cause this. Snow-white and of rather florid and pretentious architecture, it rises from the midst of the growths of palm,

Bougainvillea, and flowering shrubs. It is, in fact, a rather elaborately precious thing, this *quinta* that seems to elbow its humble neighbours from its sides.

The incongruity of it all would be still more amazing, did one not realise that the street already belongs to the tall building and to the villa. The others remain on sufferance alone. Each month will see the lowly walls of some of their number razed to the ground, until in the end the brand new buildings which shriek their wealth aloud will have swept all the rest away. The street will resound with many motor-cars then; trees will spring up from the side-paths, and, instead of the homely families clustered about the opened doors, ladies and men will enter the great gates which clang to, shutting their life completely from the street.

The process is one familiar to every growing town, it is true. It is the pace alone here which distinguishes Buenos Aires from other cities. For, in order to give way to the new, the old walls of Argentina's capital are toppling as fast as apples to the ground. They are only following the example of all else; since the *maté*-bowl has given way to Chinese tea; the *sombrero* to the silk hat and bowler; the *poncho* to tweed and tail coats—but it is impossible to proceed to the end with the various species of transformations. Suffice it to say that Buenos Aires is remarkably awake just now, and keeps its finger on the pulse of the world.

A Lord of German Letters

GOETHE and Schiller, with their magical music and storm of song, have subdued the fame of Lessing. Lessing possessed no full-sounding harp, with throbbing, heart-conquering strings. It was later that the gods gave such to Germany. But he was armed with clarion and with sword; and he went forth to war against every dragon that oppressed the infant literature of his country. He was a pioneer-prince. His hand freed the portals of German temple and German theatre from Pharisee and pestilence. We may call him the Moses of his race, for he wrought a deliverance from songless servitude, and fashioned a wandering people into a literary nation.

Russell Lowell remarks "that the figure of Goethe is grand, it is rightfully pre-eminent, it has something of the calm, and something of the coldness, of the immortals; but the Valhalla of German letters can show one form, in its simple manhood, statelier than his. Since Luther, Germany has given birth to no such intellectual athlete [as Lessing]—to no son so German to the core. Greater poets she has had, but no greater writer; no nature more finely tempered." About Goethe there is something of the splendour of sunlit mountain snows; Lessing's aureole is of woven battle-flame.

He was born in Kamenz, a small, slumbrous Saxon town, in January, 1729. His father was a Lutheran pastor there: a man of profound learning, but impulsive in temper. A whirlwind slept in his heart, awaking at times into a fury so fierce that every fetter was impotent as a string of daisies. The tempest has its grandeur.

"There let him stand—a majestic figure—biting his lips into silence." Lessing was the child, before he was the critic, of Lutheranism; as Luther of Catholicism and Wesley of Anglicanism.

To Leipzig University Lessing was sent in 1746 to study theology. Leipzig was the sovereign city of books, the German London. Its printing machines murmured under weight of manuscript; the while, a pompous professor, from beneath a mighty periwig, thundered forth such principles as hold the highest poetry within thralldom. This was Dr. Johnson in German dress, sitting in judgment upon any poem which should chance to breathe a splendid nonconformity and "gloriously offend." Artificiality reigned: the fashioning of verses was as formal as the moulding of clay. Such was the state in England when Dryden and Pope were giant names and poesy had polished feet, but no pinions. What Mr. Watts-Dunton calls the "Renaissance of Wonder" had not yet unfolded from the skies like a dayspring, to pale for one long summer day at least the candle-lights among which men danced. Lessing, though his own poetry shares the eighteenth century spirit, was impatient of the dominion of the "periwig school."

The university was somewhat unique in the standard of conduct it expected. "At some of the universities," we are told, "the traditionary tone among the students was that of elaborate and cultivated rowdiness," rejoicing in a name which may roughly be translated "bragging." Omit the "b" and you have an exact English equivalent. At Leipzig an opposite current prevailed. The "fresher" was expected to be, or become, gallant. Strange problems faced the youth, Lessing, as he stepped from a convent school into this butterfly throng. Sensitive to his clumsiness of figure and of bearing, he devoted himself with characteristic energy to bodily culture. In all his pursuits he swept on, as Lord Rosebery has said of Gladstone, with the passion of a tempest and the persistence of some puissant machine. "I learned to see"—we quote from one of his letters home—"that books would make me a scholar, but never a man. I ventured forth among my fellows. . . . I learned to dance, to fence, to vault. I sought society, in order that I might also learn to live." A delightful transcript from the life of a raw undergraduate! College is not to be a hermitage, where the sunlight is used only by inches to decipher dust-laden documents. Scholarship is to be humanised by being steeped in the wells of social intercourse. Lessing was deeply learned, but he tasted life. No one could write as his epitaph: "Born a man, died a grammarian."

The young theological student, wandering forth from his monastic walls, fell under the spell of the theatre. Frau Neuber, a distinguished actress, had brought an accomplished company to Leipzig and established her court there. She regarded the stage as an avenue by which culture might descend from high solitudes to the hearths of the people. Carlyle, in his "Life of Schiller," writes luminously of the German theatre. In England, the general view is that the theatre is a palace of

pleasure; in Germany, it is regarded as a chariot of learning. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday, transported into Piccadilly, could not have been more startled than Lessing, when, with wondering eyes, he beheld the multitudinous passions of this manifold human heart laid mercilessly bare in the Leipzig theatre. His nature was too deep, too imperious with noble hunger, to be content with the shallower pleasures of the stage. He sought to fathom the nature and possibilities of the dramatic art. Forgetful of theology, he plunged into the reading of English and French plays. He sifted, analysed, compared, and filled his granary with the finest of the wheat. Behind the scenes he pierced and examined the hidden mechanism. This privilege he won by making translations from the French for the leading actress. Such intimacy carried the boon of free admissions to the performances, for, like most students, Lessing was desperately poor.

All this is significant when we remember that Lessing became the emancipator of the German theatre. Too long it had been under the shackles of France, though Lessing declared that the drama, fashioned in truly German mould, would more resemble the English than the French. Shakespeare was in the true apostolic succession of the Greeks. The French obeyed the letter of the law, but had lost the ancient fire. "Minna von Barnhelm" was Lessing's gift to the Fatherland of its first *national* comedy. The background of the play is truly German, and the characters, save for a French chevalier, genuinely so. Lessing burst the bonds of slavery and made the German drama a lord in its own house. The nation's heart and lips were freed from foreign fetters.

From this time, his sword begins to gleam in German letters. "I am called to fight against devils and storms," was Luther's apology for his hurricane-pen. Lessing, too, was called to fire his inkpot at the Devil. His life was an unsleeping combat with those who choked the highroad of Truth with pomp and pride of words. Merciless was his war against shams. Often he stormed, in impassioned mutiny, the sedate walls of orthodoxy, whenever these were narrow and blinding. We take three examples of his chivalry. Herr Lange had published a translation of Horace. Lessing pointed out fourteen gross blunders as typical of a multitude. Lange snorted like a sea-monster, only to be swiftly harpooned by the youthful critic; and his reputation as a scholar was shattered for ever. Lessing also fought against the dominance of the Gottsched school and its insistence on a stilted kind of descriptive poetry, founded on the old epigram that "painting is dumb poetry and poetry a speaking picture." Taking this error as his text, and the famous statuery as his imagery, he preaches, in his "Laokoon" essay, the fact that poetry and the plastic arts are two distinct kingdoms, whose frontiers sometimes touch and overlap. In the "Laokoon" his brilliant swordplay is seen at its best. Goethe has borne witness to the value of this treatise in carving through the jungle a broad thoroughfare to the city of song.

Towards the close of his life, he fought religious intolerance. "Fragments" questioning the foundations of the Christian faith were published under Lessing's editorship. They were the work of a Hamburg professor, but they were believed to be Lessing's. Thunderbolts burst from every theological breast. A cyclone was stirred in the German pulpits. Lessing wavered not. In his view, the faith received as a legacy of the past is to be chastened in the crucible of criticism until it becomes as the purest gold. Of two caskets, the one containing Truth, absolute and lustrous, and the other, the privilege of search for it as for hidden treasure, "I would," he said, "unhesitatingly and reverently choose the latter." It is the search for Truth that makes the man, even as the limbs of the Alpine climber are strengthened by his struggle upwards through the steep snows.

From the storm-swept waters of this religious controversy, "Nathan der Weise" arose. This play is perhaps best known of all his works to English readers. With Jerusalem in the time of the Crusades as the scene of action, and with Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan as the prominent characters, and the "parable of the three rings" as silken thread weaving all together, Lessing pleads for charity of judgment. In few places in the world's literature are the charms and claims of tolerance so wondrously unfolded. "Nathan der Weise" was Lessing's swan-song.

Absolute sincerity is the supreme characteristic of all his work. "If I write at all, it is not possible for me to write otherwise than just as I think or feel." Poor he was and unlaurelled, but he never bartered his pen. His boast might well have been: "At least no merchant traffics in my heart." Thoroughness as scholar, candour as critic, steadfastness as friend, moral magnificence as man; these qualities are his incorruptible diadem. Augustus boasted that he had found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble. Lessing might have gloried in a transmutation no less wondrous. He gave a spaciousness and splendour to the literature of his land. Soon Goethe and Schiller followed in his train and made it richer still. SYDNEY WALTON.

Indian Reviews

THE *Collegian* (Calcutta) of March 23 continues its usefulness as an educational record. The annual Convocation of the Calcutta University produced the appalling number of 1,469 graduates, of whom nearly 1,200 took the Arts course and only 139 the Science degree. As India cannot absorb annually so many literary graduates, their prospects must be very poor. The learned essays in this magazine are always ponderous or redundant in platitudes. The "influence of environment" is the former, the "art of fiction" is the latter. The two books reviewed on Indian Economy are intended to be university text-books. It will be embarrassing for the students to find disagreement between their teachers on such subjects as Commercial Policy, Protection, the "Drain from India," which are always prominent questions.

The eight issues of the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly), from March 6 to April 24, contain a considerable variety of topics, distributed, as usual, between original articles and borrowed matter. It is satisfactory to see the text of the order issued by the Gaekwar of Baroda against sedition in his State; something of the kind was required from him after the Delhi incident, and it remains for him to prove his loyalty by more than mere words. The method adopted by this journal in reviewing other periodicals is to make lengthy extracts with a word of introduction, rather than to advance counter-arguments or offer serious criticism. A full laudatory appreciation of Mr. Sivaswami Aiyar, the new native member of Council in Madras, concludes with describing his resemblance to Mr. Asquith. The notes on English affairs, whether by the Editor or "Through Indian Eyes," are superficial, and show the difficulty under which Indian writers labour for want of knowledge. In the case of the Home Rule Bill, for instance, the Editor's comments are that too much is made of the opposition of Ulster, while he attaches importance to the proposed safeguards, which are known to be worthless. The appointment of Sir William Nicholson's Commission on Military Expenditure in India has again aroused the hopes of Indian politicians and publicists who, to a man, are of the opinion that there is absolutely no justification for maintaining the army at a war footing when there is peace all about, and the chances of aggression from without and disorder within are the remotest. The Editor lays it down that the Commission must fail of its purposes if its report does not lead to a considerable retrenchment in our bloated military expenditure, and also to an equitable apportionment of military charges between England and India. The Indian's ignorance of military questions of all kinds is astounding; more so, even, than his uneducated ideas of English politics and the English electorate.

The numbers of the *Hindustan Review* for March and April contain several articles on the same subjects, such as the Untouchable Classes of an Indian City, the Revolution in China, the position of women in India, Sir Henry Cotton's autobiography. Sir Henry Cotton has always been the idol of the Bengalis, who lose no opportunity of glorifying him in return for his friendship: it is not surprising therefore that his attacks on Lords Curzon and Morley in his book meet with their approval. Sir Henry apparently suffered like others for his opposition to Lord Curzon's original partition of Bengal. The attempt to deal with "The Indian Labour Problem," one of the most difficult questions of the day, is not very successful or illuminating: the result arrived at is that education is the most powerful agency for advancing the cause of wage-earners in India by increasing their wages. The problem is not so simple. The real demand is for numbers of labourers rather than for improvement in their education. The fact that India is a Dependency is discussed as if it were a grievance, and a hindrance to representative institutions. It is a confession that "those that seek representation are men generally who care more for the bauble [*sic*] reputation with an eye on

something greater." The life of Romesh Chandra Dutt by his son-in-law naturally makes a hero of the subject, but the reviewer does not altogether concur. "As a literary man Dutt was confessedly an amateur and a dilettante. He has attained a respectable position in many branches of literature, but did not rise to an Olympian height in any." Dutt was one of the modern Bengalis who have utilised their position, gained by service under Government, for advancing the cause of their countrymen rather than in co-operating with the Government. Some of them have been more successful than could have been anticipated.

The Royal International Horticultural Exhibition, 1912

IN recording our impression of so vast an exhibition our chief difficulty has been to single out from so many noteworthy features those peculiarly deserving of mention. With regard to what was, without exception, the most wonderful display of orchids ever staged, it is impossible in the short space at our disposal to mention even those varieties upon which awards of merit and first-class certificates were bestowed.

In Sir George Holford's unique group alone we counted more than half-a-dozen first-class novelties, two of them appropriately named after their Majesties the King and Queen respectively. We may note with pleasure in passing that the King succeeded in taking the first prize in two classes. We were also much gratified to hear from Mr. Runciman's own lips the official announcement that he has constituted a special department of the Board of Agriculture to deal with and further the interests of Horticulture.

So far as roses were concerned we were surprised and disappointed at the small number of new varieties. No words of praise are too high for Mr. Pernet-Ducher's remarkable coppery-salmon-pink hybrid tea, Mme Edouard Hériot. The only other really first-class novelty which we noticed was Mrs. E. Alford. As to Ophelia, which received an award of merit, we reserve our judgment. But we commend to the notice of our readers the baby-rambler Meadowsweet and a new climber named Pink-Pearl, also the deliciously-scented Sunburst. A beautiful and novel method of displaying roses, and other flowers, was to be seen in the Dutch section, in which one of the principal features was provided by a number of huge gilded baskets filled with roses and lilacs. In the French section, apart from the new roses, we were particularly struck with the superb groups of hydrangeas. Our German and Belgium friends confined their efforts mainly to vegetables, and our relatives from Canada and Australia to fruit.

In the monster tent one of the most interesting groups was that of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, consisting of masses of fruit trees and bushes flanking a pergola, over which were skilfully trained grape-vines, cherries, melons, etc. Amongst the sweet peas few novelties were to be found. We were most struck with Melba; but

Mrs. Cuthbertson and Brunette are both likely to come into prominence. Several new hippeastrums were seen for the first time, and these flowers formed one of the most gorgeous features of this largest tent. That gifted raiser of hybrids, Mrs. Lloyd Edwards, brought a splendid lot of heucheras and a few saxifrages. There were a good many herbaceous plants freshly introduced, but with the exception of *lilium davuricum luteum* we did not note anything of startling merit.

Amongst the outdoor exhibits the rock and water gardens came in for the chief share of attention, and first and foremost those of Messrs. Wallace and Messrs. Pulham. The best of the smaller rock gardens was undoubtedly that of Mr. J. Wood, whose first-prize exhibit demonstrated once more the vast superiority of grey mountain limestone over any other kind of rock. A pretty idea for the rock-garden was a small cave filled with ferns washed by the spray from a cascade which tumbled over its roof. Messrs. Carter and Company surpassed all their previous efforts with their Japanese garden, through which a steady stream of delighted visitors filtered. In the Alpine section *oxalis enneaphylla rosea* succeeded in winning the coveted distinction of an award of merit. The indoor rockeries were, almost without exception, completely disfigured by forests of enormous labels, and the tent in which they were placed was unfortunately so dark during our visit, that we were not able to distinguish much else.

In the same tent, however, were to be seen some fine groups of carnations; while some still larger and finer masses of these popular flowers were displayed in the large tent. Mr. Cecil Raphael took first prize with a group chiefly remarkable for the size of the individual blooms composing it. In this respect many of the flowers struck us as being indubitably coarse. In two separate regions were to be seen some of the results of Mr. Wilson's tour in Western China, in the shape of plants raised from seeds collected by him, and displayed by Miss Wilmott and the Honourable Vicary Gibbs respectively. So far as indoor exhibits of Alpines were concerned, we were chiefly interested in the magnificent pot-grown specimens shown by Sir Everard Hambro.

In conclusion we cannot refrain from stating it as our conviction, as the result of several days' careful study, that the Exhibition of 1912 erred in respect of excessive magnitude. It is perfectly true that it was a function of international importance, but we feel convinced that it will be realised, when the financial and general results of the Show have been estimated, that the interests of horticulture might have been equally well served in a somewhat more humble way. However, it is good to have been present at an exhibition which will long be remembered as "the great show of 1912," and the pleasure of wandering at will through the glades of the large tent, drinking in its cool masses of colour, or, again, of gazing one's fill at the exquisite groups of perfectly grown and perfectly staged orchids, was so great that the beauty with which one was encompassed upon all sides caused one to be oblivious to the fatigue necessarily engendered by the distances traversed in so doing.

Notes and News

Beginning with the June number, the *Round Table*, "a quarterly journal of the Politics of the British Empire," will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. The new number is ready to-day, Saturday, June 1.

An announcement that will interest music lovers concerns the visit of Cantor Bernhard Steinberg, of Temple Beth El, New York, who is coming to London early in June to give programmes of traditional Hebrew temple music. The congregation has granted Cantor Steinberg leave of absence for the purpose of touring Europe in a series of programmes that will exemplify American Jewish musical progress.

A collected edition of Mr. Temple Thurston's works is just embarking upon publication from the house of Chapman and Hall. The edition will be issued, in equipment equal to that of the six-shilling novel, at two shillings net per volume, each book having the additional attraction of a coloured wrapper by Mr. Charles A. Buchel. The first volumes will be "The Apple of Eden" and "Traffic," to be followed shortly by "The Evolution of Katherine."

"Life's Great Adventure," a collection of essays on life for those at the threshold of life, to be published immediately by Messrs. Duckworth and Co., is from the pen of Mr. Francis Stopford, whose book of essays, "The Toil of Life," was most favourably received when it appeared five years ago. It follows on the same lines, is cheerful and optimistic in tone, and contains many pen-pictures of scenes in different lands.

The Manchester University Press will publish on Monday, June 3, "A History of Preston in Amounderness," by Mr. H. W. Clemesha, M.A. The main object of the author in writing this work has been to incorporate the new materials which have appeared on the subject lately, and to include the results of the investigations of Professor Maitland and others into the problems of municipal origins and development. The book will contain 340 pp., and will be illustrated with maps and plans.

Following on the Thackeray Centenary Celebrations in July, 1911, and the Browning Centenary Celebrations in the present month, it is the intention of The Fine Art Society to hold early in July an important Exhibition of MSS., letters, sketches, autographs, and relics of Thackeray and Browning in their Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly. With a view to making it as complete and as important as possible the Society will be glad to hear from any persons in possession of objects of interest, sketches, or MSS. connected with either the novelist or the poet.

"The Art of the Orator," by Edgar R. Jones, M.P., with a preface by the Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, is published this month by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. It condenses in an easily assimilable form knowledge which will enable the recruit to the ranks of oratory to avoid the pitfalls which await the inexperienced, and gives much valuable information to those who, having advanced beyond the early stages, desire to perfect their style and methods. Messrs. Black will also publish a book by that veteran theologian, Dr. T. K.

Cheyne, entitled, "The Mines of Isaiah Re-explored," which shows that the current views of the "Liberation" of the Jewish exiles needs much rectification.

Mr. Murray is publishing a little book by Miss Mary E. Lacy, "With Dante in Modern Florence," which makes it easy for visitors to Italy to identify the parts of the city which are chiefly associated with Dante and the Divine Comedy. Reconstruction and improvements have caused many changes, but it is still possible to trace a great deal of Dante's Florence, and Miss Lacy's illustrated volume will make the search and pilgrimage easier. Mr. Murray will also publish the Life of John Hungerford Pollen, who was closely associated with Newman, being one of the inner circle of the Tractarians, and among the last to secede. He was also one of the foremost decorative artists of the time, and both through his writings and original designs, some of which are reproduced in the volume, and his work as Official Editor of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, took a leading part in the artistic revival of the nineteenth century. The biography has been written by his daughter.

The May meeting of the Library Assistants' Association was held at the Public Library, West Hill, Wandsworth, S.W., on Wednesday, 15th, at 7.30 p.m. Mr. Councillor J. Robinson, Chairman of the Libraries Committee, presided. Two papers were read: "The Story of the Almanac," by Herbert G. Hayne, of the Hornsey Public Libraries, and "Reports of Royal Commissions and Their Uses," by Cuthbert H. R. Peach, of the Gray's Inn Library. Both called forth an animated discussion. During the evening a presentation was made to Mr. W. C. B. Sayers (President of the Association) and to Mr. H. R. Purnell (Hon. Editor of the *Library Assistant*) of a silver cigarette-case and a silver card-case respectively, as a mark of appreciation of their work in organising the Association's Easter School held at Paris this year. The Annual Meeting will be held at the University College, Gower Street, W.C., on Wednesday, June 12, at 7.30 p.m. A visit to the Library of the House of Lords has been arranged for the afternoon of the same day at 2 o'clock.

The latest recruit to the ranks of the publishers is Mr. Herbert Jenkins, who combines unusual qualifications for success in a difficult field. For more than ten years Mr. Jenkins was manager for Mr. John Lane, and showed exceptional mastery of both sides of the profession, the literary and the commercial. His own ventures into literature have been fortunate. His "Life of George Borrow," which Mr. Murray published in the spring, met with unanimous commendation, and has gone already into a second edition. Mr. Jenkins is also known as a Blake enthusiast on original lines of research; for it was he who discovered the State Papers relating to the poet's trial for high treason, and located his grave in Bunhill Fields Cemetery, which will in all probability result in a fitting memorial being erected. Mr. Jenkins has also been a contributor to the reviews and magazines, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Blackwood's*, the *Fortnightly*, the *National*, the *Monthly Review*, the *Outlook*, etc. Associated with the new venture are Sir George H. Chubb, Bt. (Chairman), and Mr. Alex. W. Hill, M.A., son of Dr. Alex. Hill, sometime Master of Downing, Chairman of Girton and President of the National Home-Reading Union. The new firm is to be known as Herbert Jenkins, Limited, and the premises are 12, Arundel Place, Haymarket.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE TRANSITION IN CHINA: SOME REFLECTIONS.

THE historian of the future who essays to write of our own times will of a certainty regard the transition in China as by far and away the most important of the many events now shaping themselves. It has fallen to the writer's lot of late to collect and study closely information concerning the recent revolution in that country, and although sufficient time has not elapsed to enable accurate data to be gathered together with a view to the presentation of a coherent narrative, certain aspects of the great campaign, formerly obscure, are now abundantly made clear. In the midst of our own domestic upheaval we have paid but scant attention to the stupendous eruption which swept away, as it were in a single night, the corrupt edifice of the Manchu Dynasty, and in its place raised the fabric of a strong and enlightened nation. Compared with this amazing transition the awakening of Japan was a small event in the world's history.

There are many people who believe—and among them eminent authorities—that whereas Japan fought her way to front rank within half a century it will take China a whole century to accomplish her purpose. It is, however, the opinion of the writer that China's progress, now that she is born again, will surprise, if it does not astonish, the world. It is no exaggeration to say that her people possess every good quality attributed to the Japanese, and, in addition, innumerable virtues which are denied the latter. When we reflect that there are four hundred million Chinese as against fifty million Japanese we may instantly realise the enormous power of the forces which the recent revolution has released.

A critical examination of the plan of the insurrection, and the manner in which it was carried out, can only lead to the conclusion that the Chinese nation—whether or not it survive as a Republic is immaterial to the question—is destined to become the dominating Power in Eastern Asia. For a long time foreign residents in the country, who had grown accustomed to false alarms created by sporadic risings, refused to believe that the great transition so long prophesied was at hand. But recent history has made it manifest that the Wuchang mutiny was the signal for the conflagration that spread from end to end of China. We are now able to form some fairly accurate ideas as to the vast organisation which controlled the events that followed. There is no doubt that in the main the plot was hatched in the United States. The Finance Committee of the Republican Party was located in Honolulu, and vast sums of money were subscribed to the funds by Chinese communities resident the world over. The British representative at Lima throws an interesting sidelight on the widespread character of the movement. He mentions that the Chinese in Peru were in constant telegraphic communication with the rebel generals in the field at

Hankow, and that a million sterling had been quickly subscribed by the local community. What happened in this small South American Republic was repeated on a much larger scale in other parts of the world.

In regard to the actual campaign itself, we must decide that Szechuan was the cradle of the revolution. Nowhere in the whole of China was the power of combination against the common enemy more plainly shown among the sturdy manhood of the country than in this remote region; and when the leaders of popular discontent picked their quarrel with the Government over the fatal policy of railway nationalisation, they may be said to have controlled a movement that embraced the entire population of the province.

That the ground was thoroughly prepared for the anti-dynastic rising that resulted was apparent to all who had observed closely the events of recent years.

The craving for modern education, which, in the period that followed the Boxer outbreak, rapidly spread throughout the country, had finally penetrated farthest Szechuan. Here, as in the other provinces, schools and colleges were established to which flocked thousands of pupils eager to absorb the new teachings. From Szechuan, as from the rest of China, young men were sent abroad to the universities of Japan and of the West, who, on their return, did not hesitate to preach the doctrine of individual and constitutional liberty. It was not surprising, therefore, that the inauguration of Provincial Assemblies in 1910 found among the educated classes of the Szechuanese a newly awakened public opinion, a public opinion determined and candid in its condemnation of past misrule, and fierce in its hatred of the Manchu oligarchy. It would be idle to pretend that such a phenomenon was present in the same clearly defined degree among the masses. But it was abundantly evident that an uneasy spirit was abroad, a growing consciousness that all was not as well as it might be. The individual struggle for a livelihood, for existence even, the burden of taxation, and the lawlessness which, in spite of magistrates, of constabulary, and of Imperial troops, flourished up and down the countryside, combined to form in the minds of the untutored classes a dim idea that Manchu rule stood for nothing else than tyranny and oppression. In order to estimate the magnitude of such a transition in its relation to an Empire already seething with discontent and straining to throw off the shackles of two and a half centuries of alien rule, it is necessary to remind ourselves that Szechuan is a territory as large as France, and contains a population at least the numerical equal of that embraced within the British Isles.

Almost from the moment that the agitation assumed serious proportions it became clear that its purpose was revolutionary, pure and simple, and that the general plan of operations had been carefully thought out for far beyond the borders of the province. Szechuan was to be the diversion that would serve the double purpose of heartening the entire Republican cause throughout the country, and of giving a sufficient measure of pre-occupation to the Imperialists to clear the way for the

coup d'état at Wuchang. As far as the local rising itself was concerned, the fighting was insignificant and indecisive, viewed from the military point of view. Yet the guerilla tactics employed achieved their object inasmuch as they necessitated the retention in the far west of a large number of Imperial troops which otherwise could have marched to the succour of their harassed comrades on the banks of the Yangtze.

That the Hankow region should become the heart of the movement was essential for strategical purposes. Sedition had been assiduously sown among the troops stationed at Wuchang, destined to form the backbone of the rebel army; and the ironworks and arsenal on the banks of the Han River offered tempting prizes. Had the insurrection been kept to the southern territories then the campaign might have lasted indefinitely. But the leaders had an adequate appreciation of the general state of the country. Thus the revolt of troops on their way south to repel the movement menaced the Imperial communications, and the discontent of the Lanchau force placed the capital itself in peril. That the rebels showed conspicuous military and administrative capacity is undeniable. Their relations with the foreign communities were conducted in a manner so correct as to call forth the unqualified praise of trained diplomatists. Finally the rank-and-file exhibited the fine qualities of heroism, restraint, and self-sacrifice to an extent that finds few parallels in the history of any nation. The Japanese, with all their much vaunted "Bushido" and "hara-kiri," have never excelled the brave conduct of these humble Chinese fighting with only one end in view—freedom from Manchu tyranny. Nor, looking back at their own awakening, accompanied as it was by many ghastly outrages upon foreigners, can they claim superior tolerance. With every sincere desire to give Japan just credit for her glorious achievements, we are bound to arrive at the conclusion that in China a nation far greater than she, in every respect, is rising to power.

MOTORING

THE problem which is both exasperating and puzzling the motorist at the present time is the sustained high price of petrol. One hears from time to time of the discovery and opening up of new sources of supply, and consequently of enormously increased importations; but the price to the consumer remains stubbornly fixed at a figure which is about fifty per cent higher than it was a year or so ago when supplies were comparatively limited. It is true, of course, that the demand is constantly increasing, but, according to the published statistics, not at all commensurately with the increased supply. The motorist naturally asks, therefore, what is the meaning of it. The general inclination seems to be to blame the retailer, and accuse him of making an exorbitant profit. But the retailer indignantly denies this, and inquiry shows that his profit only amounts in most cases to twopence per gallon,

which does not seem excessive in view of the risks, trouble, and expense of storage and distribution. The only remaining factor in the position is the wholesale distiller or distributor of the spirit, and here commences the real difficulty of the inquirer. He cannot understand why the public services can be supplied with petrol at prices which enable their managements to sell it to their employees—taxi-drivers, for example—at eightpence per gallon, while he should find it unprocurable at less than eighteenpence. The presumption is that the big distributing companies make a profit even at eightpence per gallon retail, otherwise they would hardly continue to supply the motor-'bus and motor-cab companies at such a price. Why, then, should they charge the dealers and garage-keepers a price which makes it impossible for the latter to supply the motorist at less than eighteenpence per gallon, and still make only a very reasonable profit? The question of quantity does not seem a vital, or even an important, one in the matter. The other day a garage-keeper told the writer that he would be quite prepared to order ten or twenty thousand gallons for immediate delivery, but that he would have to pay the same price per gallon as if he bought a single can. Apparently the only explanation of this anomaly can come from the distributors themselves, and the distributors display no eagerness to throw light upon the question. In the meantime the motorist has no alternative but to pay the excessive price demanded, or abandon his pastime until he can get his fuel at a reasonable figure. It would be decidedly interesting, however, if the distributing corporations, or "trusts," as some people call them, could be induced to make an explanatory statement of some sort, if only to justify their own attitude.

In dealing with the petrol question, mention may be made of a novel plan of distribution which has recently been adopted in Germany by one of the supply companies. Coupon-books, containing the addresses of all the retailers who stock the company's spirit, are sold to motorists, and all the latter have to do when requiring their tanks replenished is to present a coupon to the dealer, who is compelled under agreement with the company to supply the spirit at the fixed and universal price. This is a decided advance upon the system in vogue in this country, where the motorist has to pay varying prices, dependent upon the distance from a distributing centre of the place he happens to be visiting, and also on occasion upon the rapacity of the vendor. As the *Motor* points out, the German method has other advantages besides those of fixed prices and uniform quality, as the coupons enable a ready check to be kept on petrol purchases made by employees, and also afford an easy means of checking fuel consumption.

Whether the recent activities of the R.A.C. are due to the strenuous rivalry of the A.A. and M.U. or not, it is undeniable that during the last few months the premier motor club has displayed a determination to assert itself in many directions, and to demonstrate to

the motor community that it does not intend to be relegated to the background in motor politics. The first intimation of its fresh policy was the appropriation of the National Motoring Council idea; then came the road guide scheme, and now it is announced that the committee have secured a lease of all the motor enclosures at Ascot, thus for the first time enabling motor-cars to go right to the centre of the course. It cannot be said that the Club's action is entirely prompted by considerations of self-interest, as any motorist, whether member of the R.A.C. or unattached, will be admitted to the enclosures if his car bears one of the authorised discs. Particulars can be obtained from the Manager, Ascot Motor Enclosures, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, W.

Flying at Hendon

THE Saturday preceding the holidays proved somewhat of a sensational day at Hendon. The weather was fine, but there was rather a strong breeze blowing. Both Mr. Grahame-White and Mr. Hamel caused some slight alarm by flying very close to the spectators as they were descending. The Cross-Country Handicap was won by Mr. Valentine; other competitors for this race were Mr. Lewis Turner and Mr. Hamel, the latter taking with him Miss Davies, who also again ascended with Mr. Hamel in the Altitude Contest. Mr. Hucks was not at Hendon on Saturday as he was endeavouring to fly from Bath to London, but had to descend before he reached his destination owing to shortage of petrol.

On Monday Mr. Ewen's machine was caught by the wind, and as he was flying rather low one of the wings touched the ground and the machine overturned. Beyond a slight injury to his knee Mr. Ewen was not seriously hurt. Mr. Prensliell, however, did not escape so well, as, after making a few circuits, he had a nasty fall of over 60 feet and severely fractured his right leg. Mr. Hamel was at Coombe Park, where he entertained a large crowd by many successful flights on the same machine that he used when he crossed the Channel.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

SOME people think that the next account will give us a resumption of the boom days of a month ago, but I cannot agree with them, for I do not believe that the liquidation has ended. Ever since the beginning of this year people have been buying stocks and shares, prices have been rising, and the man who was satisfied to speculate with a thousand pounds of his own money ended by borrowing twenty thousand pounds of somebody else's money. There is only one end to such enter-

prise, and that is liquidation. Until all the shares that have been bought on borrowed money have been sold at lower levels to financiers who are willing to hold them as an investment, we shall not see another outburst of speculation. Our markets are one-sided; we never get "bear" selling such as is found in the United States, consequently quotations slip away and appear to have no bottom to them. However, the Stock Exchange had made up its mind that the Marconi gamble was dangerous, and most of the jobbers indulged themselves in a "bear" of this stock. This has steadied the market here, but in Anglo-Continentials, which was another great gamble, the dealers were afraid of Edmund Davis, and very few people sold short. The drop was therefore prodigious. I wish I could hold out some hopes of a more amiable future; but I cannot. I believe that we have still to face a period of receding prices before another boom comes along. The depression may last through the summer.

It is curious that so many entirely foolish excuses should be made for the fall. Labour troubles and political complications on the Continent are the two principal scare stories, but neither would have had any effect had there been no "bull" account.

Very few new companies have made their appearance. The International Railways of Central America offered a million 5 per cent. bonds at 95. The net earnings for 1911 were £187,976, or sufficient to cover the charges four times over. Considering that the money is required to construct railways in Guatemala and Salvador, the issue was a speculation. The Mexico North Western Railway offered £750,000 6 per cent. convertible income bonds at 85. Unfortunately Mexico North Westerns have been puffed in a very strange manner during the past six months, and in spite of the fact that the estimates for the present year are put down at £250,000, one hesitates to recommend the bonds that have been offered. Two small rubber companies asked for money, but neither of them was of any importance. The Bethlehem Steel Company made a big issue, both here and on the Continent, of 15,200,000 dollars 5 per cent. first mortgage thirty-year gold bonds at 91½. The company is one of the most important firms outside the Steel Trust, but the price was not attractive.

MONEY.—There seems very little chance of money becoming dearer during the next few months. One or two big loans are being talked about, but these do not affect the Money Market seriously. Even if we lend sixty millions to China, a large proportion will remain in London to meet the service of the Chinese debt, and it is to be hoped that a considerable amount will be spent in England on railway material. Fortunately money in Berlin is easier, and the Reichsbank will probably reduce its rate. There is really no reason why we should not get cheap money all through the summer, unless of course some unforeseen political complication occurs.

FOREIGNERS.—The principal interest in the Foreign Market lies in the negotiations that are going on with regard to the big Chinese Loan, but very little news creeps out. The Six Powers have quite made up their minds what they intend to do, and the issue now rests with China. From the point of view of Europe it is of the greatest importance that China should come to terms. But there is much to be said for the Chinaman, who naturally resents the dictation of the Powers. Germany appears to be the predominant partner. The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, to put it in the mildest manner, is strongly pro-German, Italy gives Germany her support, and America is certainly not inclined to help the English. No doubt each nation is looking after its own business, but as Great Britain now holds over 50 per cent. of the trade, she can only lose if the Six Power Syndicate has its own way. A big revolution in China would be a very serious matter, and probably produce a financial crisis in London. Chinese Bonds are weak without actually

slumping. Italians have recovered, thanks to the support of the Government. Perus are weak, as the "bulls" have been getting out. Tintos are a shade harder, and look like going better.

HOME RAILS.—Up to the present the Dock Strike has not had any great effect on the Railway Market. Indeed, the financial papers tell us that the fall has gone far enough. We are now within a month of the end of the half year, and we shall soon be able to calculate how much the lines have lost during the six months. I do not agree with my fellow writers that it is wise to buy at the present moment. On the contrary, I think prices will fall, and that those who wait will be able to buy cheaper later on. In any case, it is better to wait until just before the dividend declaration, as a purchase when the half-year has turned will carry the dividend, whatever it may be. Great Westerns at 115 look attractive, and Lancashire and Yorkshire at 90 also appear cheap, but both lines have lost heavily and are certain to reduce their dividend. There is no attempt to sell, for most of the holders feel sure that prices will recover before the summer is over.

YANKEES.—The Yankee Market is improving. It is now seen that the crop reports were exaggerated for a definite purpose, and all through the South the cotton crop looks good. Southerners are certainly worth holding. It is hardly likely that we shall see any revival in speculation while the political excitement in the United States continues. At the same time I see no reason why prices should fall, and I again desire to point out the strength of the Copper position in the United States and to urge on those of my readers who may have invested money in first-class Copper shares not to sell. I believe that we shall see a big rise in Copper within the next few months.

RUBBER.—Some of the brokers still continue to urge their clients to invest their money in Rubber. I should agree with these enthusiasts if the price of Rubber shares were to drop 20 per cent., but I cannot too strongly impress upon my readers that rubber plantations are highly speculative, as is every other form of tropical venture, and that no one should invest unless they can obtain a clear 10 per cent. One or two of the companies yield this, but in each case there is some deterrent factor: either the land is not good or the trees have been over-tapped. It is difficult to get new investors into Rubber, and those who went in at the top of the boom and have lost their money are disinclined to follow up their gambles any further. At the same time, I see no chance of any serious slump, for the demand is quite equal to the supply.

OILS.—Urals recovered in a surprising manner. Those behind this company are bold gamblers, and they allow their imagination to run away with them. I do not deny the wealth of the Ural territory, but I again repeat that I see no reason why people should buy Urals at £4 or over when they can get Shells at a sovereign higher price. The one is a dividend-payer with a fine record, the other is simply a speculation. An effort is being made to put up North Caucasians, one of the babies of the Oil Trust. The debentures would appear to be a fair gamble, but the shares are a little too risky. The Lobitos report was disappointing; the deep wells are costing too much money to drill, and the production is not as much as was expected. However, the company has put down some shallow wells on another part of its land, and these are turning out satisfactorily. The Assam Oil report is ancient history, as we had full details of this company given us when the prospectus of the preference issue made its appearance last March. Assam Oil is paying a nine-penny dividend. The directors, however, should take a leaf out of the book of the Lobitos people and write down depreciation more boldly.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—There is no demand for any South African Mining shares, in spite of the laudable

efforts a well-known firm of stockbrokers are making in Transvaal Coal Trusts and Brakpans. The former share is a reasonable investment, but the latter appears to me fully priced.

TIN.—The Tin Market is taking its time to recover. The gamblers here have had a very disagreeable shock, and they will not quickly forget the loss of their money. However, Bisichi, Rayfield and Bauchi are worth holding.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Miscellaneous Market is as tired as the rest of the House, but there are so many house "bears" of Marconi that the price keeps firm. When the settlement is over we may see another break here, especially as the Irish Banks are said to be anxious to unload the shares that have been pawned with them. The boom in shipping shares appears to be dying down, but some of the Electric Lighting shares are worth buying.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POLITICAL CAUSE OF OUR ECONOMIC TROUBLES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A nation, like an individual, is economically dependent upon its powers of supply and not of demand, and, like the individual, if its demands are greater than its supplies, or if it exhausts more wealth than it creates, it will become a victim of poverty or economic distress.

A nation's wealth, therefore, like an individual's wealth, is to be valued for what it can produce. For instance, the value of an individual's capital, apart from that which it produces, is neither more nor less than a waste value. Demand on capital without any source of supply to it can mean nothing else but loss of capital. The sceptic would soon find the truth of this by experiment. It must follow, then, that the value of a nation's capital, apart from that which it produces, is a loss value.

Economic values, therefore, are only to be found in productive forms of capital—that is to say, in income forms. The economic adjustment of demand and supply can therefore only be made through income forms.

Capital and Labour forms of value which have no income form, whether they are national or individual Capital and Labour forms of value, are not economic forms. The economic adjustment of demand and supply relief from individual distress, cannot come from tax income forms (demand forms), but from produce income forms (supply forms). Decrease of taxation is equivalent to productive increase. The amount of the nation's income tax is indicative not of national profit, but of national loss. Likewise, the productive form of the national income is indicative not of national profit, but of national loss (cost of demand). There is no national form of profit apart from that which is over or above the national cost of production. The national cost form is that form of the national income which is not a taxed form (individual form of profit). The national cost form is the income form—the form which is unable to produce more than the tax form. The national cost of production is always equivalent to national loss (demand). Where, then, is the economic value of the income tax? As the equivalent of the national cost of production, both Capital and Labour, in a national sense, are made to suffer compulsory oppression. Should, however, the national cost of production of income be of a higher value than the national taxation of income, national Capital suffers from a further loss. Should the national taxation of income be of a higher value than the national cost of production of income, national Labour suffers from a further oppression. But, apart from the national taxation of income, both

Capital and Labour forms of production would be free from a common tyranny.

Why, then, should there be such a self-inflicted form of national waste? What value, other than a non-productive demand value (national parasitic value), has this form?

The repeal of such a form of taxation will touch the honour and interests of no party in the State, but it will do this: It will not only solve the problem of our existing economic distress, but it will give a national or non-partisan character to a combined Conservative and Liberal policy of reform. But it must follow that such a policy should be so formulated as to prevent any individual form of economic oppression existing between Capital and Labour.

To recapitulate the point at issue: a nation, like an individual, must suffer for its waste or non-productive forms of demand. Relief from such oppression can only come from a repeal of such a policy of demand. We shall then need no such tinkering policies of extravagance as Old Age Pensions and National Insurance Bills, etc.

One thing is certain, until our economic troubles are ended, there can be no sound Parliamentary business executed.—I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge,
May 25, 1912.

"A MODERN CRUSADER" AND HIS CRITICS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—No one is more conscious than his progenitor of the dramatic shortcomings of "A Modern Crusader," and had it not been for the temptation offered by the first National Health Week he would never have been permitted to stray beyond the attractive blue covers kindly provided by Mr. Fifield to conceal his many deficiencies.

In venturing upon the experiment of a performance I was perfectly aware that I was presenting an exceedingly tempting target for criticism, and was prepared for even worse than I received. The play is frankly propagandist, and the critics were quite right in denouncing it from their own dramatic standpoint. The audience, on the other hand (whose patience they found so amazing), having noted the ominous wording of the title, had come prepared for the worst, and were thankful for even a little sugar with the expected pill.

Believing that many of the evils which reformers are combating exist because the foundations of Society are not well and truly laid in healthy homes for the people, and knowing how comparatively few readers are reached by the usual pamphlets on Health, Housing, Hygiene, etc., I wrote my pamphlet in dramatic form, hoping that the novelty and sheer impertinence of putting such prosaic subjects into a play might win the attention of a wider circle. For this I was willing to risk unfavourable notices, but if their effect is to deter people from judging for themselves a play which is more suitable for reading than acting, then I shall deeply regret having yielded to the temptation to have it performed.

In several notices the suggestions put forward for a Health Crusade have been dismissed as impracticable. As this is a matter which I have very much at heart, I may perhaps be allowed to say that Mrs. Barrington's scheme, hinted at in the last act, is given in detail in an article in the April number of the "Contemporary Review," and that the suggestions it contains are put forward seriously as both possible and practicable.

With every copy of the play sold a reprint of this article will be given away, and as I am wishing to interest as many people as possible in the experiment advocated, I will gladly supply free copies of these reprints for distribution at meetings concerned with Health, Housing,

etc., and to any individuals sufficiently interested to apply for them. I am, Yours, etc.,

FLORENCE EDGAR HOBSON.
(Mrs. J. Hobson.)

Elmstead, Limpsfield, Surrey,
May 19, 1912.

THE SOURCES OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Though the poet Suckling is undoubtedly original in a large part of his work, I imagine that foreign models may still be found for a considerable number of his shorter poems.

A French authority, M. Berthon, has pointed out that Suckling's verses, "Proffered Love Rejected" ("It is not four years ago") have a parallel in the lines, "Il y peut avoir quatre années," attributed to the Abbé Desportes. Professor Kastner, in the *Modern Language Review* for April, 1911, discusses this discovery. He considers it doubtful that Desportes was really author of the poem in question, and suggests instead that the poem might be a development of an epigram by Desportes, "Je voulais baiser ma rebelle," and that it thus became assigned to him. Professor Kastner, however, makes this suggestion with reserve, and leaves the elucidation of the point to MM. Vianey and Vaganay, who are preparing a new, and what will probably be a very scholarly, edition of Desportes.

I am inclined to agree with Professor Kastner that the poem is not by Desportes, for two reasons. The first is, that some of the rhymes used are not at all such as Desportes would use. The second is, that the poem is in fact a translation of an epigram (X, 75) by Martial ("Milia viginti quondam me Galla poposcit"). As far as I am aware, Desportes never borrowed from Martial, although Du Bellay had recommended the epigrams as models for French poets in his "Deffense et Illustration de la Langue Française."

Professor Kastner is wrong, therefore, in thinking that the French poem is a development of the epigram by Desportes. This epigram by Desportes is, I may point out, a rendering of an epigram to be found in the hendecasyllables of the Italian neo-Latinist poet, Pontano, "Cum rides, mihi basium negasti," (Aldus edition, 1533, folio 193 ro.)

By the way, it is likely that the French version of Martial's epigram inspired Dufresny with these epigrammatic lines:—

Philis, plus avare que tendre,
Ne gagnant rien à refuser,
Un jour exigea de Sylvandre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain, nouvelle affaire:
Pour le berger le troc fut bon;
Car il obtint de la bergère
Trente baisers pour un mouton.

Le lendemain, Philis plus tendre,
Craignant de déplaire au berger,
Fut trop heureuse de lui rendre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain, Philis peu sage
Aurait donné moutons et chien,
Pour un baiser que le volage
A Lisette donnait pour rien.

Dumersan, in "Chants et Chansons populaires de la France," tells us that these couplets were sung to the well-known air, "Réveillez-vous, belle endormie."

Suckling's poem, "The Miracle," is a rendering of a piece by Tasso, "Come si m'accendete" (edition of Florence, 1724, Vol. II, p. 367, No. 34). I may observe that Drummond, in his poem "Wild Beauty," has also

translated Tasso's piece. Ward, Drummond's latest editor, has left undetected several of Drummond's translations from Tasso and other Italian poets. Let me add that the parallel which I note between Suckling and Tasso was discovered incidentally, and that it is possible that further borrowings from the Italian poet are to be found in Suckling. Italian influence, however, does not appear to me to be strongly marked in Suckling, and I am inclined to believe that he was mainly an imitator of French models. I am, yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY A. DUNLOP.

Dublin, May 25, 1912.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Owing to the decrease in the subscriptions to the Children's Country Holidays Fund, the Executive Committee are obliged to consider the question of reducing the numbers of children which we hope to send to the country this year, and unless the usual amount of money is forthcoming we shall have no other course open.

We venture most earnestly to appeal for help to those who have supported us in previous years, and also to those who are interested in the object of the Fund in order that we may be enabled by their immediate assistance to prevent disappointment to those London children who have no other hope whatever of a holiday in the country.

All subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by me at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ARRAN.

Hon. Treasurer, Children's Country Holidays Fund.
On behalf of the Executive Committee.

THE NEWSBOYS' CLUB.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Owing to a matinée having been previously arranged for June 13, the afternoon performance at His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, arranged for that date, on behalf of the funds of the Newsboys' Club, has to be postponed until the early autumn.

Amongst the most recent patrons of the matinée are the Prince and Princess Christian.

I trust that you will give the hospitality of your columns to this change of date.

Yours faithfully,

HAMILTON EDWARDS.

67A, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

May 23, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Strother's Journal: Written by a Tradesman of York and Hull, 1784-1785. Edited by Caesar Caine, Vicar of Cleator. Illustrated. (A. Brown and Sons. 3s. net.)

Les Maîtres de l'Art: Fra Angelico. By Alfred Pichon. Illustrated. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817. Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Royal Miracle. By A. M. Broadley. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

Anglais and Français du XVII^e Siècle. By Charles Bastide. (Félix Alean, Paris. 4 fr.)

The Age of Marie Antoinette. (Third Edition, Revised.) By Charles Newton Scott. (Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti and German Literature. By L. A. Willoughby, M.A., Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Journal of a Sporting Nomad. By J. T. Studley. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers. By Lord Redesdale. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

Studies in Arcady, and Other Essays from a Country Parsonage. (Second Series.) By R. L. Gales. (Herbert and Daniel. 5s. net.)

The Book of the White Butterflies. By Margaret J. Borthwick. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Sonnets of Shakespeare: A New View. By John Hutchinson. (R. Banks and Son. 6d.)

The Art of the Orator. By Edgar R. Jones, M.P. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

A Cluster of Shamrocks. By Edmund Burke. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

The Trespasser. By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

Old Brent's Daughter. By Helen C. Roberts. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Sign. By Mrs. Romilly Fedden. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

Halfway House: A Comedy of Degrees. By Maurice Hewlett. With Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)

New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. With Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)

The Last Resort. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. (John Lane. 6s.)

VERSE.

The Lure of the Sea. By J. E. Patterson. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

Sonnets. By A. Pelham Webb. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

The Cap of Care. By James E. Pickering. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

The Strummings of a Lyre. By F. Bonham Burr. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

The Hidden Door: A Monologue. By Augusta Klein, M.A. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)

Illusions and Ideals. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

The Trent: A Record of Friendship. By E. Cecil Roberts. (E. E. Needham and Co., Nottingham. 6d.)

MUSIC.

The Children of Don. A Drama in Three Acts and a Prologue by T. E. Ellis. Music by Josef Holbrooke. Vocal Score. (Novello and Co. 21s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

Four Apostles: The Training of Christian Missionaries. By James Philip Lilley, M.A., D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

The Pathway of Salvation. By the Rev. T. A. Lacey, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

The Kingdom of God. By William Temple. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Religion of the Ancient Celts. By J. A. MacCulloch. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh. 10s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Cambridge University Reporter; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Everyone's Story Magazine; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Triad, Dunedin; Cornhill Magazine; Modern Language Teaching; Book-Prices Current; Windsor Magazine; Fortnightly Review.

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